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A BRITISH WHITE PAPER issued by the MacDonald Government has deeply stirred the waters of international policy by declaring that "as between members of the League there can be no neutral rights because there can be no neutrals." This occurs in defense of the situation created by the World Court, the Kellogg Pact, the League of Nations, and the English signature of the optional clause of the World Court statute under which a British action at sea can be brought before the World Court by another member of the League. Since then this has been stretched in the press to cover all nations. To us the assertion that there will be no neutrals in the next war seems the dangerous product of shallow reasoning, assuming, of course, the possibility of war under the Kellogg Pact. In the first place the United States, Russia, and other nations are not members of the League. In the second there must be *unanimous* agreement within the League Council as to which of two belligerent nations is the aggressor—something very difficult to obtain. In the third place if there are to be no neutrals then every nation will be at war. In 1924 Mr. MacDonald himself insisted, in discussing the draft of the Geneva Protocol containing a clause similar to the optional one, that British belligerent rights should be reserved from that jurisdiction. It is, of course, allowable for any statesman to have a change of heart, but it should surely be based on something better than the conception of no neutrals in the next war. Senator Borah also declines to accept this new British viewpoint, declaring that "if the Kellogg Pact means that henceforth there shall be no neutrals, it necessarily follows that we and all the other signatories become belligerents. Under these circumstances the pact is misnamed. It is not a peace pact; it is a war pact."

SO JOSEPH GRUNDY, glorying in his dubious fame as a super-lobbyist, has really been appointed to the Senate and admitted to his seat. Other distinguished lobbyists and influencers of legislators, such as Chauncey M. Depew and Mark Hanna, have also been members of the Senate, but no other lobbyist has stepped so directly from his lobbying activities into the Senate or has so boldly defied both the Senators who examined into his activities and decent public opinion. For the present he has "got away with it," although what the future will bring forth may be something different. Certainly the Grundy appointment has widened the gap between the several party factions in Pennsylvania and has opened up the prospect of a sharp fight for the permanent seat in the Senate which may give an opportunity to the Democrats if they can induce ex-Secretary William B. Wilson to run again. However, if the State of Pennsylvania, imitating Utah and other American commonwealths, is determined to be represented in the Senate by one who is personally and pecuniarily interested in high tariffs, there is, of course, no possibility of successful objection. As for the Senate, it was perfectly correct in seating Mr. Grundy. But it has our sympathy none the less, especially for the appointment of Patrick J. Sullivan of Wyoming for party reasons.

AS THE TARIFF FIGHT is resumed, the significance of a two-page advertisement in the New York *Times* of December 16 ought not to be overlooked. Signed by the Minneapolis *Tribune,* "consistently a Republican newspaper since 1867," and more than seventy-five farm organizations claiming a membership of more than two millions, it urges that "parity for agriculture means billions for industry." The economics of this appeal, while no worse than most protectionist argument, is unspeakably bad; but we reserve that for future comment. We wish here simply to point out the strength and the weakness of the agricultural revolt in the Republican household. The embattled farmers realize well enough that they have been fleeced by the tariff, so they insist upon "parity"; but they do not realize that farm prices, except in special instances, cannot be juggled upward, and that therefore their only hope lies in getting industrial prices down. So they continue trying to get their share by raising duties—for the most part wholly ineffective—on farm products. Under these circumstances why not give them their toy and let everybody go home happy? As politics rather than economics is the prime consideration in tariff making, we commend this suggestion to Congress.

HERBERT C. LAKIN, President of the Cuba Company, is the latest conspicuous example of what may happen to a man of high standing when he becomes deeply

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involved with big business. A lawyer of excellent renown in New York, Mr. Lakin dropped the law to guide the investments, aggregating $175,000,000, of his company in Cuba. Gradually, under the pressure of the United States tariff and a world-wide overproduction of sugar, Mr. Lakin found his company facing bankruptcy. In a desperate but vain effort to head off that fate, Mr. Lakin created a propaganda bureau in Washington which spent about $90,000, and retained President Hoover's personal attorney, Edward P. Shattuck, at a cost of $75,000, because of his ability to get to the President "two or three times a week." He also utilized, among numerous others, Major General Enoch H. Crowder, so long the chief American representative and counsellor in Cuba. Not content with that, Mr. Lakin was in close contact with President Machado of Cuba and other Cuban officials to whom he suggested that it would be profitable to Cuba for them to excite the other Latin-American countries to protest against the proposed new sugar tariff—although this constitutes, according to Senator Walsh of Montana, a criminal offense under the Logan Act. Mr. Lakin confessed on the witness stand that he was thoroughly "ashamed" of this particular act. He ought to be ashamed of the whole record, for it was both stupid and futile, unworthy of him as an attorney and discreditable to his intelligence as an executive. He had an excellent case and would have served both Cuba and the United States had he succeeded in legitimately defeating the proposed sugar tariff.

SALVATORE ACCORSI, whose story was told in *The Nation* of December 18, has been acquitted in Pittsburgh of the murder of John J. Downey, State trooper, who was shot on August 22, 1927. Downey was one of the mounted police who burst into the orchard of a privately owned farm near Cheswick, Pennsylvania, and broke up a meeting of workmen who were protesting against the impending execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. Though the case against him was weak to begin with, Accorsi is free mainly because he was able to prove that he has never worn a mustache, the State's star witnesses having testified that the man who shot Downey wore a mustache. Great decisions may hang on small circumstances—it was a cap that helped to send Sacco to the chair. We can understand the joy of Accorsi as he exclaimed to the jury which freed him: "I wanta shake your hands, I am so happy. I love everybody." This acquittal should be a check upon the general lawlessness and arrogance of the Pennsylvania State Constabulary.

BAITING COMMUNISTS continues to be a favorite pastime with our patriotic courts and lighthearted police. The New York *World* reports prison sentences of from five to ten years imposed by Judge W. W. Cowen at St. Clairsville, Ohio, upon Tom Johnson and Charles Guynn, and of an indefinite term in the State Reformatory for Women upon Lil Andrews, all for violation of the criminal syndicalism act of the State. Johnson and Guynn, it appears, tried to deliver addresses at a Communist meeting at Martin's Ferry on August 24 and Miss Andrews passed pamphlets to persons in the crowd. It is said that the cases will be appealed to the State Supreme Court to test the constitutionality of the statute. Meantime the danger to the State from an embattled force of two men and one woman has been temporarily averted, and it will be safe for the inhabitants of Martin's Ferry to go about unarmed. At New York, on December 14, three mounted policemen broke up a meeting staged by several hundred Communists in front of the City Hall, after which some forty other policemen, "many of whom," according to the New York *Times,* "regarded their task as a lark," rushed in and clubbed the usual tally of heads. If the authorities of Ohio or New York had either sense or sand they would take a hint from President Hoover, who not only refused to become panic-stricken when a bunch of Communists from Washington and other places assembled in front of the White House on the same December 14, but actually asked the police to overlook the "discourtesy" and send the out-of-towners home to papa and mama. Like the New Yorkers, the group at the White House were quite within their constitutional rights, but in spite of this obvious fact, Mr. Hoover acted like a man that isn't afeard.

WE ARE GLAD that Secretary Adams has called on General Smedley D. Butler for an official report of his Pittsburgh speech of December 5, reported by Sinclair Lewis in our issue of December 18. According to uncontradicted reports of this speech, General Butler, it will be recalled, not only told how the marines elected "our men" in Nicaragua by the simple process of declaring the opposition candidates bandits, but committed various other indiscretions. Officials of the State Department, according to the New York *Times,* have informally characterized this alleged statement as "loose talk." It was certainly far too loose for the reputation of the marines and the American government responsible for their action. It is important for the public to know exactly what General Butler did say; it is far more important for them to look understandingly at his picture of devil-dog rule, apparently not intended for public viewing. It is a little hard to see how the Navy Department can apply whitewash to the colorful picture.

IT WAS A WISE INSPIRATION that led President Hoover to divert the extra marines for whom General Russell, in a panic, had cabled and send them to Guantanamo instead of Haiti. They were never needed; indeed, the sight of more devil-dogs marching ashore with the Stars and Stripes flying and the band playing could only have created more ill-will and unrest in Haiti. Now if President Hoover appoints a first-rate commission, led by a man of the Morrow type, and if it will act promptly, the end of Haiti's long Calvary may be in sight. Leaders in various Haitian patriotic organizations, including men of many parties, have petitioned Mr. Hoover to hold an American-supervised election in the spring of 1930. But the American public should not be permitted to forget that the reason Haitians ask the marines to supervise their election is that the marines dissolved their last parliament thirteen years ago, and that Brigadier General Russell, our High Commissioner, has sustained in the Presidency for seven years a petty dictator whom no Haitian trusts. The American people have had little opportunity to understand what is going on in Haiti. Cable tolls are high. Until recently the United Press was served by the chief of police of Port au Prince and the Associated Press by Colonel Frank E. Evans, U. S. M. C., commandant of the Garde d'Haiti! Since the recent disturbances both agencies have sent other correspondents to the island republic.

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INDEPENDENCE FOR THE PHILIPPINES is being debated in one or the other of our houses of Congress almost every day. The proponents of the King resolution, offering independence to the islands, declare the chance of its passage in the Senate has never been so good; in the House, the prospects are less rosy, but even there cheers greeted the passionate plea for freedom of Camilo Osias, Philippine commissioner. To the question of Representative Knutson of Minnesota as to whether or not the islands would be able to maintain themselves economically with American support withdrawn and with American tariff duties against them, Mr. Osias made the charmingly frank reply: "Surely we can, for independence would give us a chance to levy tariff duties ourselves." On the tariff, therefore, the fate of the islands now largely depends, with the high sugar-tariff lobbyists working for independence! Self-determination for small nations, the necessity for keeping promises long made and never fulfilled, the right of a weaker country to be free from the protection of a stronger—all these have gone by the board, and the matter has been complicated by the question: Shall we free the Philippines from our "protection" in order to gain more substantial protection for our sugar and other industries by the tariff we shall then be able to levy on Philippine products? But if independence is granted the end will be good no matter how bad the reasons for it.

PRECISELY WHAT PLEDGES Great Britain made to the Arabs just before she promised Syria to France and a "national home" in Palestine to the Jews has never been made clear. Fragments of the correspondence between Sir Henry MacMahon and the Sherif of Mecca, who later became King of the Hedjaz, have been published, and have been used by the Arabs to justify their resentment against the famous Balfour Declaration and against the subsequent activities of the Zionists. The Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, who, while denying complicity in the recent Arab disturbances, has certainly not used his influence to promote Arab-Jew good feeling, has brought up these promises before the British commission now holding an inquiry in Jerusalem. Apparently he cited a hitherto unpublished letter from Lord Balfour confirming pledges made in Britain's behalf by Colonel Lawrence. But what pledges did Lawrence make? We do not know; we know only that he was profoundly grieved by the subsequent attitude of his government. It would be a courageous act on the part of the MacDonald Government, which certainly bears no share of responsibility for the duplicities of war-time, if it would open the archives and publish full reports of all the negotiations, written or oral, between British and Arabs in the war years.

MINORITY RIGHTS and reparation obligations have brought political relations between Hungary and the Little Entente to an acute stage, and the Young plan conference at The Hague is likely to have a serious controversy on its hands when it meets again in January. Count Bethlen, the Hungarian premier, has announced that Hungary will not let itself be squeezed for additional reparations after the present agreement expires in 1943 unless the rights of the Hungarian optants under the Treaty of Trianon are preserved; to which the Rumanian Foreign Minister, George Mironescu, retorts that the Rumanian demands for further reparations will not be surrendered because, if they were, Hungary would use the money for armaments. Only if Hungary gives way can there be a peace "wherein there would be no difference between the conqueror and the conquered." M. Mironescu launched his ultimatum after talking with Dr. Benes, the wily Foreign Minister of Czecho-Slovakia, which led the Vienna correspondent of the New York *Times* to remark: "How Czecho-Slovakia can be considered a conqueror M. Mironescu did not explain." The plain fact of the matter is that the Little Entente, and particularly Czecho-Slovakia, have treated the minorities treaties very much like scraps of paper.

WILL H. HAYS and former Governor Milliken of Maine have been removed from the board of directors of the Church and Drama Association, an offshoot of the Federal Council of Churches. The reason given is a polite one, that the association had "deemed it wise not to have representatives of the motion-picture industry on the board." But however this may be, the whole difficulty probably has a not too obscure connection with the campaign against Mr. Hays and Mr. Milliken which is still being waged by the *Churchman*. The latter journal has called both gentlemen hypocrites and has particularly stigmatized Mr. Hays, who, under the guise of godliness, piety, and a desire to preserve the high moral tone of the motion picture, has permitted, for good business reasons, the type of high-powered and sensational movie that is rolling up money for the motion picture producers. Mr. Hays has permitted banality, ineptitude, vulgarity, the cheapest sort of sensationalism in motion pictures "passed by the censor." It would seem, from the box-office receipts, as if none of these characteristics made a picture unpopular with the American public. Rather the contrary, indeed. The American public, therefore, knows what it wants. Mr. Hays is filling that want—a mere matter of business. In so far as he does so and remains within the law, one can respect him; but the *Churchman* is quite right in objecting to any attempt to gloze over this cheapness and vulgarity by an appeal to or connection with the church.

A CERTAIN VIENNESE PHYSICIAN—we apologize for having lost the newspaper clipping which contained his name!—has discovered where sleep comes from. A certain portion of the brain, he declares, receives momently the poisons thrown off by our bodily activities while we are awake. When the brain cells in that particular area become saturated, they induce, in order to reestablish the body's health, the state of unconsciousness known as sleep. This is extremely interesting, but we should like the learned doctor to go a step further. Having decided where sleep comes from, would he mind telling us where it goes to? There are nights when it would seem that the poisons of effort and activity had accumulated to the proper point—and still we do not sleep. We count sheep jumping over a fence, we say nonsense rhymes, we try resolutely to think of nothing at all, we resolve not to be kept awake by trucks thundering under our windows or the shouts of jolly neighbors or the desperate caterwaulings of stray felines. All to no avail. Obstinately we stay awake. This difficulty may, of course, be due to a bad conscience, in which case there is nothing to do but to lead a better life. But if that is not the source of the trouble, it may well be that a little scientific investigation will provide a simple and effective cure.

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Monopoly in the Air

THE testimony of Owen D. Young on domestic and international communication facilities before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce has just been front-page news, and deserved to be. Mr. Young's words count in business and political circles on both sides of the Atlantic, indeed in all quarters where knowledge, intelligence, honesty, and public spirit matter. The chairman of the Radio Corporation of America came out boldly for monopoly of our air communications, both domestic and foreign, in the hands of a private company under government control, urging the consolidation of the communications division of the Radio Corporation of America, the International Telephone and Telegraph Company, and the cable lines of the Western Union, and advocating the merger of the domestic services of the Western Union and the Postal Telegraph Company on the ground that it would improve service and stimulate research. On the last point he voiced the highly heterodox view that research activities, which are expensive and speculative, would develop faster under monopoly than under competition. More surprising yet, while opposing government operation as contrary to American policy—that blessed defense of whatever happens to be—he would be willing to go even that far if necessary to insure the unification of internal communication facilities. If there be any hesitation in creating a monopoly of external communications in the hands of a private company, he said, "then I beg of you in the national interest to unify them under government ownership so that America may not be left, in the external communication field, subject to the dictation and control of foreign companies and governments." The national rivalry thus hinted by Mr. Young was brought out even more clearly by General Harbord: "At the present moment there is a race among the nations as to which can plant its flag first upon these radio channels by actual appropriation and use." All nationalistic questions aside, Mr. Young's doctrine comes surprisingly from the lips of one of the nation's foremost business men. In communications, he declares, competition is ruinously wasteful and hinders technical progress; if we cannot get unification without public operation, let us have it, even though private operation would be better.

Concerning competition in this large field, Mr. Young talks sense. At its best it is costly; at its worst, intolerable. Mr. Young rightly wants planning and economy, not wasteful duplication, in communication facilities. Hence his sound plea for unification. But that means monopoly, and we are driven either to private monopoly under government regulation, or, if that fails, then inevitably to public operation. Such, insists Mr. Young, is our sole choice, and again we agree. Which, then, shall it be, a glorified Radio-International Telephone-Western Union monopoly company under a Federal Communications Commission, or a United States Communications Service like the United States Post Office? Departing somewhat, as it seems to us, from the realism that marks his discussion up to this point, and relying more largely on conventional argument, Mr. Young declares for private ownership and operation because of its superior efficiency, but insists that it must be accompanied by effective public regulation. Let us examine the argument.

If private operation means efficiency, why is public regulation necessary? Plainly because under private monopoly the gains of efficiency are likely to go to the owners and not to the public, as we have seen again and again. Notwithstanding all protestations of "service," the companies often gather in millions by exploiting the public instead of serving it. They have consequently a huge financial stake in defeating effective regulation. During the past half century, since we first began trying to regulate the railroads, at every step and with a large measure of success the private companies have fought effective regulation. They are fighting it today with all their enormous financial and legal resources. Surely Mr. Young is not unfamiliar with the record of the power companies during the years just past; surely he does not imagine that they will consent to any legislation that seriously lessens their control over their customers. Pit a great private company with a huge direct financial stake against consumers most of whom have only small sums at issue, and nine times out of ten the company, in one way or another, wins. Mr. Young's plea for private monopoly plus effective regulation, however honestly intended, is in fact, we believe, a plea for private monopoly plus ineffective regulation. That, we submit, is intolerable, and we do not believe that the American people will tolerate it indefinitely.

They may tolerate it for a good while, however, because they will cling to the hope that Mr. Young and men like him hold out to them and because they are fearful of trusting serious economic tasks to their government. That distrust has abundant historical basis, but the record of private industry is not spotless, nor is that of government enterprise wholly bad. Even our much-berated federal government has not made a bad job of the Panama Canal, the Mississippi Barge Canal, or the Alaska Railroad, to choose only three instances. Many of the criticisms urged against government industry lie almost equally against large-scale private business, particularly of a monopoly character. The faults are largely the faults of bigness as such. Public business, by and large, is far more honest than private, and its record for efficiency is much less unfavorable than its critics make out. Government in the past has been largely an agency of repression and order, but today, even in capitalistic states, governments take on increasing economic responsibilities and in so doing change their character and function. We shall probably take Mr. Young's advice, but we shall not learn the full lesson of his testimony until we have learned to perform these great economic tasks through our own agencies instead of turning them over to private individuals to carry on for their own profit. Private monopoly and public advantage, we believe, are fundamentally incompatible, no matter what regulating machinery we devise. In fields where unification is economically desirable, such as Mr. Young points out, we may accomplish some results in trying to reconcile private and public interests by regulation, but we shall reach in the end no solution short of actual government ownership.

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The Newsprint Scare

THE outburst of alarm on the part of members of the American Newspaper Publishers Association over a proposed increase of $5 per ton in the price of Canadian newsprint appears to have been attended first by heat and then by light. For some weeks it had been rumored that the mills included in the Newsprint Institute of Canada intended to raise the price of newsprint from $55 to $60 per ton. The American publishers, frightened at the prospect of paying some $20,000,000 more a year for Canadian paper than they are now paying, and recalling, perhaps, that the International Paper Company, which is not a member of the Newsprint Institute, has a five-year contract with the Hearst interests at $55, hurriedly got together at New York and listened to some sharp criticism of the provincial governments of Quebec and Ontario for their alleged attempt to fix prices and squeeze the American newspaper publishers. There were intimations that Premier Taschereau of Quebec and Premier Ferguson of Ontario had an eye to the politics of the situation, and somebody, of course, suggested that the Attorney General at Washington ought to be asked to do something.

The newsprint industry is not exactly an infant, but it has had to meet competition, and the principal competition has come from Canada. Where the United States produced about 95 per cent of the domestic consumption of newsprint a few years ago, it is now producing only about 50 per cent. The American production, which in 1913 aggregated 1,305,000 short tons, reached its peak in 1926 with 1,678,000 tons, declining from that figure to 1,415,000 in 1928. On the other hand Canada, which produced only 350,000 tons in 1913, has increased its output every year since, until in 1928 it turned out 2,381,000 tons. For the first eleven months of the present year the Canadian production has reached 2,567,925 tons, against only 1,274,436 tons for the American mills. It is admitted that there has been overproduction, but an appreciable decline in Canadian stocks has been shown this year notwithstanding that Canadian mills are operating at only about 80 per cent of capacity. The price of $55 per ton was the result of a cut-throat competition which forced down the price from a previous $70 to $75 per ton.

Washington was prompt in letting it be known that American trust-busting activities could not very well be extended to Canada unless it should appear that some American corporation was acting in cooperation with Canadian producers; and the Newsprint Institute does not contain any American members. Moreover the International Paper Company of Canada, an American-owned subsidiary of the American corporation recently reorganized as the International Paper and Power Company, has not yet announced an increase in price. The attitude of the Canadian producers, too, took on a less aggressive and considerably more reasonable character after some explanations had been made. The manager of the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association, for example, pointed out that the governments of Ontario and Quebec had never interested themselves in price-fixing—a disclaimer which should have been unnecessary since the governments possess no such power. What they are concerned with is a distribution of tonnage that will keep one company or group of companies from running at full capacity while others run at only half capacity or less. The purpose of provincial regulation, Mr. Beck declared, was to insure that "no more wood shall be taken off in a given year than is replaced by growth in the same period," and that communities dependent upon the paper industry shall not suffer through unemployment and trade dislocation. Premier Ferguson of Ontario called attention to the fact that the provincial government is a trustee administering the people's property, and that the conditions imposed upon the corporations that cut pulp wood aim "to advance the settlement and development of the newer portions" of the province.

We are not anxious to see $20,000,000 added to the cost of producing the annual crop of American newspapers, although we doubt whether, even so, a single important American daily would go out of business. But we are equally indisposed to back up hostile criticism of Canada for looking closely after the welfare of its own household. If the Canadians want to keep up the price of newsprint to a remunerative figure, they have only to point to the example of the Federal Farm Board in trying to keep up the price of wheat. As a matter of fact, a considerable offset to the announced raise could be found in the abolition of worthless and demoralizing supplements and "features" that American newspapers affect. Perhaps, after the row is over, it will be found that Canada has actually supplemented Mr. Hoover's efforts to eliminate waste.

A Moral Pestilence

AMERICAN members of the Roman Catholic Church have frequently shown a disposition to minimize the importance of certain of the church's official doctrines. *The Nation* has defended them—as it did during the recent presidential campaign—because it believed in their sincerity and because it was entirely convinced that, to take a specific example, the Americanism of Al Smith was far more deeply rooted in his nature than any Roman doctrines ever had been. But the church itself makes no compromise and it never hesitates to embarrass its liberal members by emphasizing the things which many of them would prefer to have left in the background. Thus the very first book to issue from the new state printing house of the Vatican is a revised edition of the Index of Prohibited Books, and the edition is accompanied by a document from the pen of Cardinal Merry del Val which reiterates in their most extreme form the claims of the church to the right to prescribe in detail what may and may not be read.

Lovers of the picturesque will be pleased. They will see something exquisitely appropriate in the fact that the newly established state should begin in the good old way, and they will be delighted to learn that Catholics are again commanded to remain ignorant of Gibbon's "Rome," Darwin's "Origin of Species," Kant's "Critique," certain writings of Joseph Addison, all the works of Maeterlinck, and the English Book of Common Prayer. They will attribute the fact that no American books are specifically forbidden to the further fact that neither the Pope nor Cardinal

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Merry del Val have in all probability ever heard of H. L. Mencken. Finally they will read with amazement the Cardinal's assurance that such a list in no way interferes with the freedom of the individual—until they perceive from the context that by "freedom" the ecclesiastic means only the theological doctrine of the freedom of the will.

But those who are less interested in the picturesqueness of the historic church than they are in tolerance; those who would like to see the liberty of the press flourish in America along with a broad political tolerance of the Catholics themselves, cannot be other than distressed to recognize the opportunity which such a document as the present affords to the fanatics who believe that all Catholics are ruled from the Vatican. The Cardinal says exactly what every believer in the Popish Plot would wish him to say. Even the Bible must not be read except in the versions prepared for the purpose of justifying the Catholic position. "Those who wish," the Cardinal declares, "to feed the Holy Scriptures to people without any safeguards are also upholders of free thinking, than which there is nothing more absurd or harmful. . . . Only those infected by that moral pestilence known as liberalism can see in a check placed on unlawful power and profligacy a wound inflicted on freedom."

It is useless to urge that, in America at least, there are doubtless many thousands of practicing Catholics who have never opened the Index. Probably few who have literate habits are accustomed, before beginning a novel by Balzac or Victor Hugo, to ascertain whether or not that particular volume has been forbidden them. They are not, in other words, by any means as ignorant and uncultivated as their leaders would have them nor do they take very seriously certain phases of the authority which they nominally accept. But the fact remains that whatever the habits of these liberal Catholics may be, the doctrine of their church is unalterably opposed to very nearly every tenet of the liberal creed. Liberalism is, officially, a "moral pestilence," and as long as they remain officially members of the church they can have no logical defense against the accusations of those who assume that in their hearts they believe what their church tells them they must believe.

The Nation will continue to defend the political rights of Catholics in this country. It will continue to believe that, as far as the United States is concerned, the Klan variety of Protestantism is more dangerous to intellectual and civil liberties than the Pope or the College of Cardinals. Moreover it has faith in the liberal Catholic and hopes that he may ultimately have some influence upon the official doctrines of the church. When, for example, it hears of one Cardinal forbidding his followers to send their children to other than parochial schools, it cannot but confess the wish that some of these liberals would make its task easier by speaking out more frankly. Their sentiments are known by their conduct; they disobey many of the commands of the church, and they are willing to explain away many of its doctrines. But it is difficult to defend on pragmatic grounds the members of an organization which stresses its rational consistency. The opinion of individuals can hardly be cited in argument when these individuals declare their allegiance to a sect which denies the right of an individual to hold an opinion. The liberal who follows where abstract logic would lead him cannot be other than anti-Catholic, and Catholicism insists upon the supremacy of abstract logic.

The Riot at Auburn

AGAIN a bloody riot in Auburn Prison has disgraced the State of New York and again the official reaction is one of rage and vengeance. To our deep regret Governor Roosevelt has led the chorus. He will appoint a special trial term of the Supreme Court "as quickly as possible"; the persons responsible for the riot—at least seven convicts—will be tried for murder, and "dealt with with immediate and drastic severity." He does this "in justice to the family of the principal keeper who was killed, to the guards who were wounded, and to the other guards and State troopers who acted with such conspicuous bravery."

Now, we, too, have the deepest sympathy with the family of the principal keeper and with the wounded. But the best way to serve them is not to take further vengeance upon men already in jail for the better part of their lives, but to remedy the conditions which are producing the riots. Will the killing of seven more criminals act as a deterrent? We do not believe so. Ever since the July revolt the terrific strain of the "punishment cells," with absolutely no occupation and only one hour of exercise in the yard a day, has been inflicted upon the offenders. Did it deter another outbreak? It did not, and neither will putting seven to death. Only a change of the horrible conditions under which the convicts are living will end the desperate unrest. The prison is overcrowded; the food is extremely bad; the bulk of the men have sat idly in their cells with nothing to do, and the long sentences of the reactionary and wicked Baumes laws, instead of over-awing them, rouse them to bitterness; the Governor himself is quoted as recognizing the evil influence of these laws which have had no effect in decreasing criminality. Now, after this second riot, a temporary warden has been appointed, Dr. Frank L. Christian, who has at once restored the normal conditions of work and recreation which should have been reestablished long months ago.

The officials from Governor Roosevelt down knew that they were sitting over a volcano in Auburn, that the men were becoming more and more desperate, yet nothing was done. To our minds those guilty of the death of the principal keeper and of the convicts, therefore, are the State officials and the Legislature of the State of New York. The Governor should have called a special session of the Legislature after the Auburn and Dannemora outbreaks of last summer to demand a complete reform of the whole prison system. He plans now to put prison reform at the head of the program he will urge upon the Legislature when it meets next month; but what he will ask is apparently only $30,000,000 for new buildings to be erected over a period of years. What he should tell the State is that the whole treatment of prisoners is wrong, utterly out-of-date, contrary to science, contrary to decency, without reforming value, and actuated only by an abominable spirit of vengeance. Let him point to the recent reforms in Russia, Prussia, and Mexico; let him demand that the whole prison system be modernized. He would be justified if he should drop everything else and give his second year of office-holding to the reform of the intolerable and inhumane prison conditions.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

AND tangible things may also be real. The visible world is not without its claims to actuality. Something less than profundity and news value may seem to reside in these remarks, but surely the time has come for mankind to defend materialism. Unless some sort of protection is afforded to good red brick and solid rock we may all find ourselves homeless in the ether with no cloak but spirituality and scarce a staff save idealism. The man who asks for bread may be badly off if his cry is answered with a stone and yet I am not sure that his wants can be wholly satisfied with slices of mush and mysticism.

There may have been a day when things of the spirit were neglected, but this can hardly be the case in the age of Dr. Cadman. Nor does the attack upon the world and the flesh end with the greatly syndicated Protestant divine. All pulpits ring with denunciations of matter. Big business itself has come to be afflicted with the fever and even in the marts of trade our panics are hailed as "purely psychological."

Glancing quite casually across a newspaper page of sermons I find that more than half the discourses are directed against what is called "worldliness" and the word is stretched to include practically all factuality. Indeed, many of the divines would have us believe that if a thing can be proved by orderly scientific methods it must be at once rejected by all right-thinking men. In this topsy-turvy state of affairs the community is being browbeaten into acceptance of the extraordinary theory that only the invisible is worth any man's sane scrutiny. We have been asked to abjure foregrounds wholly for the sake of far horizons. Listen to the words of Bishop Wilbur P. Thirkield, of the Methodist Church, who said in a recent sermon in New York: "This physical world merely serves as a ladder to the invisible, the spiritual world. All the profoundest realities of life—bravery, self-sacrifice, and courageous accomplishments—have their roots in the spiritual world. All that is of beauty or of tenderness springs from the supernatural."

If I understand the good bishop aright he seems to say that the fine display of this physical world, its fir trees and its flowers, is so much dross. "The clarified vision of the spiritual eye enables us to walk through this workaday world and view the unseen," is precisely the way he puts it. Between us and the most flaming sunset stands the soul constituting a perfect stymie. To me there is no snobbery so acute as that of the sanctified snob who blandly trades the glories of this brave and painted world for a mess of pearly gates and jasper walls. Even the saint sins against creation if he passes through the world and never heeds the green valleys into which it has pleased God to call him.

Materialism may not be mocked except by those who despise and degrade humanity and all its natural instincts. Consider now the stand of Dr. Cadman. "What, in your opinion," writes one of his correspondents, "is the reason for the constant emphasis on sex by so many modern writers and dramatists?" And to him the clergyman replies in part:

> The moment any author's brain works outside sensual restraints he gains a great sense of freedom. Life as a whole, impersonal, complex, mysterious, filled with glory and with terror, breaks in upon him. . . . Pardon the profanation of suggesting that you compare Hamlet's soliloquies with the tiresome reiteration of bedroom scenes from plays dedicated to lust.

It might be pertinent in passing to mention the fact that Shakespeare wrote some dandy bedroom scenes himself and the lust of two young people in a moonlit garden which he celebrated has glowed and will continue to do so when all the writers who tossed aside "sensual restraints" are dead as any Cadman. The doctor seems to argue that no man can portray humanity until he has divorced himself from human instincts. He glorifies the "impersonal" in the face of the fact that the masters of the written word have all been men who wrote out of their own profoundly personal agonies. And when the clergyman calls upon the name of Hamlet he seems oblivious of the fact that the poor prince was suffering from Cadman's complaint. The tragedy of the young Dane lay in the fact that he could not accept life whole and real but must debate the very utility of existence itself. And when he had sent Ophelia to a nunnery he quite appropriately chose for himself a grave.

But the worship of abstractions and imponderables in the modern world is by no means confined to members of the Bible belt. Even agnostics exchange at Christmas time limp leather books in which essayists explain that life is seldom what it seems. Maybe not, but as Mr. Keogh said in an immortal paragraph, "The race is not always to the swift but that's the way to bet." Universally the world has come to believe that the mysterious is inevitably profound and important. The easiest way for a writer to get a reputation is for him to dash off a little something, however inadequate, on life and death. To many James Matthew Barrie transcends Bernard Shaw because Shaw deals with such mundane things as doctors and the Salvation Army while Sir James will go Tinker Bell upon the slightest provocation.

Indeed, all art is saturated with the new point of view that the visible world is not good enough by half. One may no longer ask with impunity, "But what does it mean?" in any picture gallery. Painters are not content to depict mountains, rivers, and yellow buttercups. Instead they deal with emotions and with moods. The old familiar "Nice color, old chap" has given way to "Fine frenzy." And among the poets much is made of the mystical. All would be seen through glass and very darkly.

Yet art has always had, among other functions, a place for those who used their particular medium for purposes of escape. Chiefly materialism deserves to be restored to good standing for the sake of science. I am not one to argue that all truth is subject to laboratory proof. Still that is one excellent way. Quite likely there are verities which can never be quite checked up by rationality. Others which still defy the scientific method may yield in time. Only the dogmatist will insist that a materialistic rationality will solve every human problem. But it is a good instrument and I hate to see it scorned by fellows who can offer nothing better than "But I know it must be true—I feel it in my soul."

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Science in Pursuit of Crime

By WINTHROP D. LANE

ONCE upon a time disease was believed to be due to the anger of gods, ill-will of enemies, influence of ancestors, devils inside you, or serpents. No one understood anything about natural causes of disease; they had not been discovered. Hippocrates looked at man and said: "Disease is a product of natural causes. These causes can be discovered and remedies can be applied." Today we not only have a vast amount of information about disease, but also control it as a matter of ordinary daily living.

We have been in precisely the same situation with respect to conduct. Acts of men, like disease, have been assigned to many causes—magic performed by enemies, divine wrath, influence of ancestors, movements of the stars, natural forces like wind and thunder. Even some kind of prenatal, original sin has been held responsible for men's conduct. Now we know that all such ideas are aimless and stupid. We know that men's conduct, like their bodily troubles, can be understood. We know that the scientific approach to conduct has not only gone far, but that it will go farther. We know that psychology not only explains ordinary people to a degree little dreamed of once, but that it is able to diagnose the difficulties of abnormal people even more accurately. Their troubles can be explained, their conduct made clear, and in many instances effective treatment can be applied. Such are some of the achievements of the present-day scientific interest in conduct.

Crime is only one form of disastrous or undesirable conduct. It gets more attention than other forms, but its causes are often very similar to the causes of conduct that is not declared by the law to be criminal. The important point, however, is that crime is conduct and that as such it falls within the scope of a scientific approach to conduct. If there is any hope of ridding the world of crime, it lies in the knowledge, technique, and program of a scientific understanding of such matters.

All this is preliminary to a proper understanding of the penal reforms recently inaugurated in Prussia and Mexico. These two states, as unlike as they could well be, have astonished the world within recent weeks by announcing that they have no use for the way in which criminals have been handled in the past, that crime flourishes, that nothing effective is done to prevent crime—and that they intend to see what hope lies in a scientific approach. This is especially interesting to people in the United States because all of the ideas underlying these reforms are current in the United States, where the "new criminology" has been well developed on its theoretical side but where very little has been done to give it a practical trial. While we beat our hands over the enormous amount of crime among us, we cry lustily for the more vigorous use of measures known to every student of crime to be, possibly, the most dismal example of failure so far attributable to the human race. Prussia is regarded as an established, settled state, with ideas of centralization in government strong in the people's minds. Mexico, on the other hand, is considered to be a new, loose, lax community, with little governmental experience of the kind familiar in many countries, and with unsettled ways and very little development in many arts and sciences. To find these two countries joining hands in a measure that at once places them in the leadership, for the time being, of matters criminological and turns upon them the eyes of progressive students the world over is both striking and interesting.

The latest riots at the New York State Prison at Auburn lend special timeliness to this short analysis of the new penal codes of Prussia and Mexico. The prison riots of the past five months have been attributed to overcrowding, poor food, bad cell conditions, and the lengthening of sentences under the Baumes laws. But these are not fundamental causes. As long as our penal system is based upon the vindictive and unscientific theory that punishment is a remedy for crime, the reason for these outbreaks will continue to exist, no matter how many millions of dollars are poured into new and larger prisons. The only permanent solution lies in the adoption of scientific methods of dealing with crime. Such methods Prussia and Mexico as well as the Soviet Union are now attempting to put into operation.—EDITOR THE NATION.

The Prussian revolution in penal, or more accurately, in correctional, matters is the consequence of an administrative order. For some years Germany has proposed a reform in its penal law, but this has not yet been accomplished, though a measure is now pending in the Reichstag. Meanwhile, without waiting for the passage of this measure, the Minister of Justice of Prussia, named Schmidt, has ordered extraordinary changes in the whole correctional regime—and these went into effect October 1. The purpose of them is to supplant punishment and incarceration, as such, with the treatment of individual criminals.

To begin with, the convicted man is not sentenced by the judge. That in itself is revolutionary, for judges are nearly everywhere the sentencers of criminals, although in this country the proposal has seriously been made that judges have no business to sentence criminals, for judges know very little about the real nature of criminals or what will do them good. As most people remember, Alfred E. Smith astonished the judicial world in January, 1928, by urging, even if it took a constitutional amendment, that penalties for crime be named and planned by a board of specialists instead of by judges. This, apparently, is precisely what Prussia has put into effect. After conviction, the offender is turned over to a "sentencing board" which, after considering his whole history and personality, gives the sentence. This is obviously a sensible procedure, for only after diagnosis can there be any intelligent treatment.

Prussia has not adopted one item in the chapter of changes urged by many students of crime, namely, the sentencing of a man for an indefinite rather than a definite term.

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The idea back of this is that you cannot send a man to a hospital for a fixed term, for you do not know when he will be well; so you cannot send a man to prison for a fixed term, for you do not know when he will be fit to rejoin society. Nevertheless, Prussia has retained the fixed term, or at least the maximum and minimum.

Now comes the man's life in the institution to which he is sent—and here enter some of the most promising reforms in the penal system. To begin with, he is not to be treated as one of a mass; the idea of throwing all prisoners together, forgetting them, treating them as if they were just alike, paying no attention to individual differences—and letting them come out, when their terms expire, with nothing done to alter their mental habits or change their relation to the world around them—is resolutely pushed to one side as the practice of a dark age. The prisoner is to be looked at, studied, examined, understood (if possible), and treated. And this is done, not merely in the interest of the prisoner, but also in the interest of society. The sentimentalists cling to traditional methods; the realists recognize that these methods have failed, and that new methods not only are at hand but must be given a trial. And Prussia has adopted a realistic approach to the treatment of criminal personalities.

A man goes to one institution or another according to the kind of person he is. If he is a long-term offender, he goes to one, if a short-term offender to another; if this is his first crime, he is not grouped with habitual criminals; if he is under twenty-five, he is considered young and is not thrown, to rub elbows willy-nilly, with those who have many more years behind them. Special treatment is reserved for those displaying one form or another of mental difficulty or abnormality—and this is a very large percentage of convicted offenders everywhere. Prussia, therefore, proposes a *diversified system of correctional institutions,* designed to meet the actual personality needs of the inmates, rather than a prison in Berlin precisely like the prison in Breslau, or a prison in Essen precisely like the prison in Dortmund. That is the usual system. Prussia, on the other hand, proposes to diversify her penal institutions just as she would diversify her schools and hospitals. She looks at her prisoners and says: "They are not all alike. Why should they all have the same treatment and spend their days going through exactly the same treadmill? No, we will give them different treatment —and perhaps we shall get different results." The development of such a system of diversified institutions takes time, and Prussia has not established one merely by adopting a new correctional code. For the time being, she is apparently limited to three groups: short-term offenders, longer-term offenders who are not such bad cases, and prisoners who give every evidence of being extremely difficult to reclaim or reform. At Brandenburg, near Berlin, is rising a new prison which is expected to be of great help in carrying out this classification.

More important than anything else in all this, of course, is the treatment given the prisoner while he is confined. Here enters the scientific understanding of conduct and personality. Prussian prisoners, many of them, are to be continuously under the eye and care of psychiatrists, with a view to removing those causes of maladjustment that have distorted their lives or led them into the mazes of crime. The technique for such study has now been well developed in this country as well as elsewhere. It consists primarily in reconstructing the early development of the offender and obtaining an intimate comprehension of those elements in his mental and emotional adjustment that produce his conduct. We cannot stop here to review the technique in detail. Prison psychiatrists will be more interested in the man's beginnings in crime, and the mental and environmental situation that confronted him then, than in details about the particular act that brought him to his present term, whether court attendants regarded him as "brazen" or not, and the degree of righteous indignation felt by the judge. Not all prisoners will receive such treatment—there are 50,000 inmates in 800 prisons in Prussia—but many will, and the success will be closely related to the ability of the psychiatrists employed and the opportunities given them for effective work with individuals.

Dramatic and fundamental changes are planned in daily life. When some prisoners have served half their terms, they will find themselves promoted to conditions little dreamed of in prison systems elsewhere. Instead of bleak, bare rigor they will have comfort and a certain degree of freedom. Not only will they occupy rooms with curtains at the windows and no bars, but they will eat with silverware instead of tinware, will be allowed to have their own clothing, will remain alone with visitors coming to see them, will write letters inspected by the eye of no censor—and in other respects will lead more of a training-school life than a prison life. The purpose of all this is to cushion the exit to the unfriendly and forbidding world, and to test the improvement which, it is hoped, will have taken place. More important still, perhaps, is the opportunity which will be given them to leave the prison daily, lunch basket in hand, to work as free men in neighboring factories and shops, under contracts already arranged by the prison authorities. Thus, they can slowly become accustomed to resuming a normal place in society, can demonstrate their fitness for final release, and can earn money with which to start life not only honestly but effectively. Such are some of the elements in the new program by which Prussia hopes to reclaim offenders.

When the new Mexican code goes into effect January 1 it will apply only to federal prisoners. That is, it will apply only to persons convicted in the federal district, including Mexico City, and those falling under federal jurisdiction in the states. There are twenty-eight states, each enjoying a large measure of autonomy, and they do not have to adopt the federal code if they do not want to. It is expected that some of them will wish to do so. For the time being, at any rate, the code is solely federal, and will control the treatment of some 18,000 prisoners a year. In theory, the code is more far-reaching than the Prussian reforms. It, too, deprives the judge of sentencing power, and places this in the hands of the Supreme Council of Social Protection and Prevention, a new body of five members, who are to be psychologists, sociologists, and criminologists. Mexico goes beyond Prussia, however, in making the sentence absolutely indefinite, that is, without any limit of any kind, so that each criminal may be kept until those in charge of him are sure that he is fit to rejoin society—a bold step.

In the hands of the council is placed responsibility for the treatment of prisoners, and this means that all jails, prisons, and reformatories come under its jurisdiction. The purpose of treatment is declared to be redemption rather than

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punishment, and to that end all the resources of psychology and other sciences are to be brought to bear. Four lines of inquiry are contemplated by the code: social history of the offender, such as a thoroughgoing case worker in a family welfare society would develop; medical examination and history; psychological and psychiatric study; and a statement of his educational attainments and progress. On the basis of these, diagnosis and treatment are to be made.

It is not necessary to review the code in detail to see that it follows very much the lines already indicated—lines purporting to produce a scientific study of the offender and his treatment by the sciences dealing with conduct and personality. One wonders whether Mexico has the resources and personnel for this. Where did she get them? "It has been learned," writes Salvador Mendoza, a member of the commission drafting the new code, "that specialists exist thoroughly qualified to carry on the work of social, psychological, medical, and educational investigation embodied in the new code." That would be a boast coming from any other country. Again, Señor Mendoza declares that "anthropological, psychological, social, and criminal science is now sufficiently advanced to explain and describe what may be called the 'topography' of the human personality *in all its aspects*" (italics mine). It is to be doubted whether the proponents of these sciences, not only in Mexico, but in Prussia and the United States, would make so large a claim. One wonders whether Mexico has as many psychiatrists as she claims, and whether the treatment of personality disorders and conduct defects has reached a sufficiently high stage of development in that country to make her new program with respect to criminals feasible and safe. It would be too bad if she had been carried away by enthusiasm. It would be too bad if failure to live up to expectations should produce later a reaction in other countries against the scientific approach to crime.

Nevertheless, both Prussia and Mexico have shown courage. Each has said: "Conduct has natural causes, and the acts of men can be studied—in many instances, understood. Crime is merely the legal classification of certain types of acts. We propose to bring to bear upon these acts the resources of modern science—and we propose to do this in the interest, not merely of criminals, but of society."

Prosperity by Proclamation

By ALFRED L. BERNHEIM

ON November 15 President Hoover issued his prosperity proclamation:

> The next practical step is the organizing and coordinating of a forward movement of business through the revival of construction activities, the stimulation of exports and of other legitimate business expansion, especially to take such action in concert with the use of our new powers to assist agriculture. Fortunately, the sound sense, the capacity, and readiness for cooperation of our business leaders and government agencies give assurance of action.

Pursuant to this proclamation, a series of conferences of business and industrial leaders was held at Washington, ending with a grand convention of 400 "key men." The President's proclamation and the resulting conferences met with remarkably widespread approbation. I can recall no such regimentation of public sentiment since the days of the World War. Mr. Hoover may have his little difficulties in controlling the Senate, but as a crystallizer of public opinion, in the present instance at least, he has been just about 99 per cent successful.

I am not against prosperity or anything that will induce its continuance or return. I question, however, whether we are going to get much farther through talk and "state of mind." Prosperity propaganda was undoubtedly useful a few weeks ago in stemming the surging tide of unreasoning fear that was engulfing the judgment not only of investors and speculators, but of merchants and manufacturers as well. But now we are all once more convinced that the country is not going to be tossed back to the Indians after all, and it appears likely that the influence of propaganda on the course of the business cycle will be steadily lessened, while the influence of the actual events taking place in the arena of business and industry will steadily loom larger.

I rather fear, in fact, that unless we consent to view the prospect through sober, realistic glasses we may suffer an unpleasant reaction from the dazzle of over-optimism. If the promise of good times that is being held out to us is not fulfilled in any appreciable degree, the disappointment will produce a more serious effect than would the set-back alone, without the promise. I see little to be gained by suggesting that 1930 will be a boom year—a year of expanding business activity and growing corporate profits, with full employment and rising wages. The Washington conferences are perhaps not fairly to be charged with making such suggestions. Yet they are subject to misconstruction, and they have, I believe, been generally misconstrued by the public, which has read into the proceedings what seems to me to be an unwarranted degree of optimism.

The construction work which certain industrial groups and public authorities announced for the ensuing year was very largely, and probably almost entirely, authorized and planned prior to the conferences, and the conferences resulted in no significant additions to the appropriations for new construction or maintenance. This is brought out clearly in the newspaper accounts of the meetings. There is no reason to believe that this previously planned work would have been abandoned or materially curtailed in the absence of conferences of business and industrial leaders. There can be no proof of this, of course, but the circumstantial evidence is strong. Almost the entire construction program "pledged" at the conferences was sponsored by the railroads, other public utilities, and public authorities. Railroads and utilities plan their expansion in accordance with the expected secular trend of business, and it would undoubtedly have taken a much more decided reversal of the direction of the business cycle than has yet occurred, or is likely to occur in the immediate future, to impel the managers of these industries to revise their appraisal of the slope of the secular trend of

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business and population. In regard to public works, it is obvious that the reduction in the level of interest rates and the heightened demand for securities like municipal and State bonds has made it both cheaper and easier to borrow money to finance public improvements than it has been for many months.

In short, the result of the conferences in terms of increasing construction or of preventing its curtailment was approximately zero. The situation in either of these respects would not have been materially different if the conferences had never been held—which is as it should be. What should we think of the ability of the heads of our enterprises had they allowed themselves, after the Wall Street panic, to be inveigled into a program of expansion more extensive than they had deemed appropriate prior thereto? Surely no thoughtful person would advocate over-expansion for the sake of its momentary psychological effect or its temporary absorption of unemployment. On the other hand, what should we think of our industrial leaders if they needed prodding to carry out an economically justifiable expansion program, or if they lacked the courage to curtail it when they found it unjustifiable?

Consider the situation from another angle. There will be a vast amount of construction work undertaken in 1930. Can that be depended upon to compensate for any slack that may appear in employment in manufacturing industries, mining, transportation, and elsewhere? We do not know how many unemployed workers will have to be absorbed, but for our purpose we may state this quantity as "any given number." This given number can be absorbed, not by the total of jobs afforded by the total volume of construction during 1930, but only by the number of jobs afforded by the *excess* of construction work in 1930 over 1929. In other words, if the volume of construction in 1930, no matter how great that volume may be absolutely, were to be exactly equal to the volume in 1929, there would not be a single job available for any worker displaced in any other industry. Therefore it is only the excess which can furnish jobs for the jobless. This is an inescapable conclusion, yet all the prosperity propaganda which I have seen treats the aggregate contemplated construction budget as a potential safeguard against unemployment in other directions, and does not take into account those engaged in this field in 1929, who also must find jobs in 1930.

Will 1930 capital expansion exceed 1929, and by how much? Write your own ticket: I do not know. But I can demonstrate, I believe, that the surplus will not reach stupendous proportions. The railroads have approved an $800,000,000 expansion program for 1930. This may, perhaps, be stretched to a billion dollars, probably not. In 1929 they will have spent about $800,000,000. At the meeting of public-utility leaders on November 27 Matthew Sloan, of the New York Edison Company, president of the National Electric Light Association, stated that "the electric light and power, manufactured and natural gas and electric railway utilities" would increase their 1929 expenditure for new construction by $110,000,000. The appropriation for public works will probably be somewhat greater in 1930 than in 1929, but it is too early to estimate by how much. The federal government will increase its appropriations for public buildings by $175,000,000, over a ten-year period. At the meeting on November 22 construction interests estimated that the expenditure for homes, offices, and industrial plants would be about the same in 1930 as during the present year. There will probably be gains in a few other directions, such as in the communication industry, especially the telephone system. The proposed new mail contracts may stimulate shipbuilding. The War Department may add to its construction budget. But there may be contraction here and there, too, as in petroleum and metalliferous mining. Mr. Thomas S. Holden, vice-president of the F. W. Dodge Corporation, estimates the total construction bill for 1930 at $8,435,000,000 as against $7,810,000,000 in 1929, an increase of $625,000,000. His figures make no allowance for possibly increased outlays for machinery and equipment.

I see no justification for any estimate which places the excess 1930 capital expansion budget above $750,000,000, and the wage share of that total will not afford full-time employment for more than between 175,000 and 200,000 men. This is certainly not an inexhaustible reservoir of jobs, and offers little hope that new construction work can take care of any marked increase of unemployment, should it come. If automobile manufacture declines 20 per cent—not an extravagant guess—this alone will throw about 100,000 workers on the streets in search of new jobs, not taking into account any corresponding reduction of force in tire, equipment, and accessory plants. If we had an efficient system of employment exchanges, we could feel far more confident that the disaster of unemployment may be minimized than we can when we have to rely upon the expansion of the construction industry.

At the present writing, December 11, business statistics for November are beginning to come in, giving us some insight into actual economic developments during the first full month after the beginning of the break in security prices. Pig-iron output contracted sharply, reaching the lowest point since September, 1928. The reduction in the daily average rate was the largest recorded since May, 1925. There was a net loss of twenty-six active blast furnaces. Steel ingot production declined about 19 per cent in average daily output in November compared with October—considerably more than the normal seasonal decline. The industry operated at 69 per cent of capacity during November, 1929, as against 87 per cent during November a year ago. It is now down to about 63 per cent.

Automobile production in the United States and Canada, according to preliminary figures of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, fell from 394,465 cars in October to 214,400 in November. During November, 1928, 268,909 cars were turned out. About a quarter of a million fewer railroad cars were loaded this November than last—a drop of nearly 5 per cent. Daily average building construction awards in thirty-seven States east of the Rocky Mountains (F. W. Dodge Corporation figures) show a decline of 27 per cent for the first three weeks of November, 1929, as compared with the corresponding period of 1928. A preliminary report of the New York State Department of Labor announces "widespread seasonal losses in November" in employment in New York State factories, and remarks that "declines characterized November of the last three years but the curtailment was greater this year."

Of course, these are selected statistics—selected to confirm my viewpoint. Other more cheerful figures are or will be available. But the data I have presented make it obvious

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that November was a month of contraction in business and industrial activity. The downward trend, a trend that had already been present during the four or five preceding months, was at last clearly revealed to anyone willing to recognize it.

The conferences and, indeed, the Administration's prosperity program as a whole have not stopped the downward trend. While optimism was radiating from Washington, car loadings were declining, iron, steel, and automobile production was falling, building awards were diminishing, and workers were being laid off. We are in the contraction phase of a business cycle. Certain favorable factors in the fundamental situation, to which attention has been so often called as to make repetition unnecessary, make it probable that we shall avoid a serious or long-extended depression. On the other hand it appears even more probable that 1930 will be characterized by reduced industrial and business activity, declining corporate profits, and increased unemployment.

To what extent the Washington conferences, the proposed reduction of federal income taxes, and other governmental measures have served to stabilize conditions will never be known. Unquestionably, however, we must give President Hoover and his administration credit for an energetic and successful attempt to divert attention from Wall Street to Main Street, thereby bringing into focus a far more pleasing prospect than had been facing the country for some three weeks, and inducing a feeling of hopefulness which is a prerequisite to recovery. But prosperity cannot be commanded by proclamation, and we shall not be aided by cherishing unwarranted hopes and refusing to view realistically the difficulties that are in store for us.

Prosperity—Believe It or Not

VI—Stresses and Strains*

By STUART CHASE

AFTER mechanized warfare the bitterest thing in modern life is unemployment. Wars come and go. Unemployment goes on in season and out. In the depression of 1921 probably five millions were walking the streets as factories and offices slowed down. In the spring of 1928, with prosperity in full cry, it was estimated that four millions were out of work. Today there are at least two million jobless, and quite possibly three million. A recent census of New York working-class families showed 17 per cent without jobs at the time of the investigation. Seventeen per cent of thirty million non-farm workers is five million. This is obviously too high for a national average, but 10 per cent out of work today may well lie within the facts.

A new phrase has appeared in the jargon of economics, "technological unemployment." It means two things, one as old as the steam engine, the other hitherto unheard of. Machines, or the technical arts, have continually thrown men out of work by substituting iron hands for those of flesh and blood. Hand weavers, spinners, metal workers, potters have lost their jobs by the millions in the course of the industrial revolution. But after a sufficiently painful period of adjustment, new jobs have appeared in tending and servicing the machines, or in finding markets for their wares. We saw earlier how the motor car had created nearly four million new jobs in America alone. In brief, unemployment due to the machine has gone up in bad years and down in good years, but has not added constantly to the reserve army of the unemployed. "Technological unemployment," as the phrase is now used, means *an ever-growing army;* a total firing rate greater than a total hiring rate; a displacement of workers by the technical arts faster than they can be reabsorbed in other occupations. Management fosters the technical arts; management is accordingly the chief creator of technological unemployment. Thus the central fire of productivity and commercial prosperity promises to wreck and destroy the hope, the happiness, the very lives, of uncounted human beings in an ever-widening arc. I know I speak bitterly. But have you ever hunted a job when your meat depended upon it; hunted it in the face of the age limits which are closing down on all workers over thirty-five? Listen to the testimony of Middletown in the fall of a prosperous year. Workers' wives are speaking:

> He's just lucky if this job keeps up. He never knows from day to day whether his job will be there.
>
> He's to be laid off Saturday.
>
> We have been buying no fresh milk this year, using only canned milk. [With two boys seven and nine.]
>
> He is forty and in about ten years from now will be on the shelf. A pattern maker isn't much wanted after forty-five. What will we do? Well, that is just what I don't know; we are not saving a penny.

A plant superintendent is speaking:

> Only about 25 per cent of our workers are over forty. Speed and specialization tend to bring us younger men.

Of 122 Middletown housewives interviewed, eighty-three reported unemployment in the preceding months. Sixty-eight were forced to make changes in living standards. Forty-seven cut down on clothing, forty-three cut down on food, twenty-seven wives went to work, fourteen allowed insurance payments to lapse, six moved to cheaper houses, five had the telephone removed, four took a child out of high school. And so it goes. Page after page of testimony from Middletown, the average city; volume after volume of testimony from all America.

Dr. Wesley C. Mitchell has compiled certain figures which are sufficiently indicative of the trend—and sufficiently alarming. His computations are exhaustive and technical, dealing with the new labor supply since 1920 and the new jobs available, all reduced to net changes. He concludes flatly: *"The supply of new jobs has not been equal to the number of new workers plus the old workers displaced. Hence there has been a net increase of unemployment*

* This is the sixth of a series of seven articles on American prosperity. The final article will appear in the issue of January 8.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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between 1920 and 1927 which exceeds 650,000 people." The ratio of unemployment during these eight years, he finds, was 7.7 per cent as a minimum. Who in the face of these figures dares to say that anyone who really wants a job can find it? The census of 1930 may give us the first real count of the unemployed which the nation has ever had. My guess is that the 7.7 per cent minimum ratio will give way to a substantially higher figure, and for two reasons: first, the period from 1927 to 1930 gives technological unemployment *three more years* to accumulate its reserves; second, Dr. Mitchell's figures are minimum estimates only.

And again, management encourages mass production. A basic principle of mass production—particularly emphasized by Mr. Ford—is a shorter period in which to learn the job. A craft apprentice took years to master his vocation; a worker on "the belt" can be taught all he needs to know in a few days. Other things being equal, the mass-production plant, and especially the new one, will hire strong, healthy youngsters. Mergers are throwing clerks, salesmen, and even high executives out of work. Such constitute the "overhead" which the merger is chiefly organized to save. Again the older man is the worst sufferer. A Hollywood producer reports that the "talkies" have cost 25,000 movie extras their jobs, while they threaten the employment of 10,000 theater musicians throughout the country. Thousands of tobacco workers are now being displaced by machinery, according to Dr. Harry Laidler. More than fifty millions of retail merchandise will be sold by automatic vending machines in 1929. Out on the street go the sometime human salesmen, displaced by mechanical robots. These machines increased 328 per cent from 1919 to 1927.

Millions of jobs, however, remain. Are those who are still in the shop working harder? Are they under more physical and nervous strain than a decade ago? Is management achieving greater productivity at a greater human cost? There is no comprehensive answer to these questions. The basic studies have never been made. Taking the situation as a whole the demonstrable facts seem to be these:

Hours of work are declining.

The total number of Americans subjected to factory discipline is declining.

The life span of the whole population is growing.

The life span of the industrial worker is constantly less than that of the farmer, merchant, or clerk.

Plants with high productivity have a relatively low accident rate.

Working conditions in factories are improving—lighting, ventilation, noise and dust prevention, mechanical safeguards, sanitation.

Automatic and semi-automatic machines are displacing machine tenders, and putting skilled inspectors and repair men in their places, for certain processes only.

Assembly belts and other conveyors, on the contrary, are tending to set a working pace which outrages the nervous system of many workers.

Some industries are testing their workers for adaptability to the job before hiring them. Some are measuring fatigue in an attempt to prevent fatigue toxins from lowering output. Both movements are small, but are growing.

Management has created many new so-called unskilled jobs which nevertheless "carry with them a high interest content and greater opportunity for self respect than most unskilled jobs of former days."

At first blush these ten points make out a stronger case for a reduction in industrial strain than for its increase. Let us examine them a little more closely. Up to 1928 no less than five hours of labor have been stricken from the average week in industry as against 1914. The demand for the five-day week has gathered momentum in the past year or two, and now some 500,000 workers come under its provisions. Increasingly, city shops and offices are closing their doors on summer Saturdays. Vacations are becoming more in order, while their duration is longer. (But American industry has far to go to match the Russian worker's minimum two weeks.) It is fair to conclude that, if strain is increasing, it is in the face of a continually shorter period in which to experience it.

The Illinois Department of Health reported in 1929 that the 500,000 male workers in the factories, mines, and railroads of the State suffer a mortality rate nearly twice that of workers in other vocations. This does not mean that the situation for industrial workers is growing worse. It simply means that they live more dangerously than the rest of us. From the days of Watt they always have lived so. Since 1920 industrial accidents have increased slightly faster than population. This connotes more strain. But for the mass-production plants, where management is mainly functioning, the story is otherwise. Fourteen thousand plants employing 2,500,000 workers were analyzed. The plants showing increased productivity per worker had a declining accident rate. The coefficient of correlation was .835—a high one.

When we come to strain induced by the machine itself, we are faced with a serious dilemma. Machines, like farmers, are not all alike. Here is a conveyor belt in an automobile assembly shop, setting the tempo for all the human beings in the building. Give it oil and power—it never tires, never stops. Against its remorseless rhythm human flesh and blood fight an uneven battle. If it is geared sufficiently high, only the young and strong can hope to hold their own, and not for long. New blood must presently be pumped in. From the human standpoint the balance is in the red. But here is a machine which automatically inspects needles. When it comes to a crooked one it throws it out. This work used to be done by human eyes which could examine perhaps 3,000 needles per hour. The inspecting machine examines 17,000 an hour, and has no eyes to be strained. I spoke of the assembly line, speeded above the biological tolerance. Suppose it is geared lower. Suppose only that type of man—duly selected by test—is given access to it who can find comfort in day dreams and who does not revolt at repetitive work. It is a common type. Suppose that the company finds that more profit is to be made by steady, adjusted workers at lower speeds than by nervous, unadjusted workers, frequently hired and fired, at higher speed. The more advanced management engineer is beginning to find this out. Thus even the conveyor belt may be tamed. It normally is not—but it could be.

We can lay down no national yardstick and say that strain is increasing or decreasing. It depends on the specific machine, the duration of contact, the nervous equipment of the worker. Mr. Dennison guesses that the total fatiguing effect of factory work has not increased during the era of prosperity, but is not so sure about the factor of monotony. It is as good a guess as any, and made by one who, pre-

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eminently among the exponents of the new management, appreciates the human factor. But this, of course, does not quite finish the argument. For prosperity in the deeper sense we should demand a very great *reduction* in the speed and strain of factory work. We find no such reduction, although the automatic process may some day bring it.

We have heard much from the Prosperity Chorus about the housewife, freed from her ancient drudgery, sitting in a nickel-plated heaven of labor-saving devices. This pretty picture needs somewhat more examination. Business-class matrons are deriving some added leisure by virtue of electrical appliances in the home—or it might be more accurate to say that their maids are. Here and there a washing machine, or a vacuum cleaner, bought on the instalment plan, is lightening the load on a working-class homemaker. But by and large some twenty-six million followers of the housewife's trade might arise and announce in the words of Mark Twain, "The report of my death has been greatly exaggerated." Miss Hildegarde Kneeland of the Bureau of Home Economics in the Department of Agriculture has recently studied 2,000 homemakers, picked at random from farms, towns, and cities, and belonging to both the working class and the business class. She finds:

> The average week's work is 51 hours.
>
> One-third of the 2,000 homemakers work more than 56 hours a week.
>
> 950 farm women averaged 62 hours a week.
>
> Women in cities from 2,500 to 50,000 averaged 51 hours.
>
> Women in cities of over 50,000 averaged 48 hours.
>
> Only 10 per cent of women in large cities spent less than 35 hours.
>
> Only 5 per cent of American homes employ help.
>
> The best case (in New York State) was a farm woman without children, living in a five-room home, with running water, electric lights, and a washing machine. She spent 31.3 hours a week for the care of two persons.
>
> The worst case—in New York still—was a woman in a nine-room home with a husband, four children, and no improvements. The family spent 117 hours a week on home work.

Our final inquiry is not one which can be shown readily by figures. How shall we set about proving that the whole tempo of modern life is quickening? I cannot prove it, but I think that it is. By virtue of the motor car we certainly travel far more miles per annum than any people has ever done before. By virtue of the telephone we make—and break—far more engagements. By virtue of radios, riveting machines, phonographs, motor horns, airplane engines, outboard motors, we live in an atmosphere of ever-growing din. The record for the number of people who can be jammed into one subway car is broken regularly. Indeed, the whole phenomenon of record-breaking, from flag-pole sitting to continuous piano playing, grows ever more furious. We city people drink too much, smoke too much, wisecrack too much. We are restless, nervous, unsatisfied, perpetually seeking that which we never find.

All this has been mounting year by year with prosperity. But I can find no reliable evidence that nervous diseases are on the increase, or that any substantial group of Americans, anywhere in the republic, is revolting against the speed at which they live. The retreats and monasteries may come, but I have yet to see the laying of the cornerstones.

In the Driftway

IT seems to the Drifter that we are making entirely too much ado about the "scientific" or "practical" values of the exploits of Commander Byrd and his party in the Antarctic. From the standpoint of pure science the flight over the South Pole is a contribution in that it has widened our knowledge of the geography of that remote region. But when the flight is heralded—as it has been—as a great service to mankind, and when the men who participated in it are held up as benefactors who would have died as heroes had they been killed in their exploit, it is well to stick at least a small-sized pin into the newspaper ballyhoo. The Drifter just can't see any service to mankind in polar exploration, be it south, north, east-southeast, or west by north, half north. In spite of press plaudits, General Motors has not announced that it will establish a branch factory at the South Pole; nor has it even been suggested that relief might be given to the American farmer by inducing him to ship his surplus wheat somewhere south of Little America.

* * * * *

ALL of which is not intended to belittle the expedition under Commander Byrd but rather to exalt it to its proper place as a splendid adventure. We are too unwilling to do things—or to admit that we do things—for the fun of doing them. Whenever a well-known man gets the itch to roam and decides upon a cruise up the Amazon or an exploration of the Himalayas, he considers it necessary to justify himself by getting some museum or society to sponsor his expedition as a scientific undertaking. He is afraid to make his trip as a pure adventure—afraid that he will be regarded as frivolous or wasting his time. His feeling is embedded, no doubt, in the accepted truth that the English take their pleasures sadly and that neither Englishmen nor Americans know how to play. The Drifter commends the attitude of the Frenchman Alain Gerbault, who arrived in Long Island Sound several years ago after a five months' passage of the Atlantic alone in a thirty-foot sail boat and gave the simple explanation: "I did it because I liked it."

* * * * *

SPEAKING of adventure and exploration brings the Drifter to the melancholy notice in the newspapers the other day of the sale as an item in an auction at an art gallery of the old sailing ship Benjamin F. Packard. The Packard was a noteworthy vessel in her time, with an added value today as one of the few surviving full-rigged sailing ships which were once the glory of American commerce. She was one of the last of such ships built in this country—actually the last wooden vessel of the kind laid down in the yards of Goss, Sawyer, and Packard at Bath, Maine. That was in 1883. The vessel was engaged in the China tea trade—the aristocracy of commerce—in the transport of wool from Australia, and later in Alaskan waters. Her hull along the waterline is still girdled with the iron with which she was sheathed at that time to protect her from ice. The Packard made her last commercial voyage in 1925 when she brought a cargo of lumber from the Pacific to the Atlantic seaboard through the Panama Canal. The owners arranged to have her towed in order "to make better time," but the old craft

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is said to have led the tow much of the way. She lay in Long Island Sound as she was ignominiously knocked down as an "antique" for $1,000, probably a fiftieth to a hundredth of what it cost to build her, while tiny ship models brought more than double that sum as mantelpiece decorations. Fortunately the Packard was bought by a firm of antique dealers, which means that she will not be sold for scrap. She ought to be preserved, perhaps as the headquarters of some sea-minded club. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

National Income

SIR: In *The Nation* for November 27, the articles by Mr. Villard and Mr. Chase, placed as they were side by side, presented a timely picture of the two extremes of economic organization. The figures as a whole were strangely contrasting, yet in some respects the resemblance was striking.

To cite only one case, Mr. Villard deplores the fact that 38 per cent of Russia's national income was taken from the people by the government and invested in new plants and agricultural enterprises. Turn the page, and Mr. Chase announces that 33 per cent of this country's national income is taken from the people by 10 per cent of the population. He does not say this is used for investment in new industrial and agricultural enterprises. He does not even intimate that the other 90 per cent of our population shares the remaining 67 per cent of the national income with any measure of equality. Yet Mr. Villard thinks the American who has not visited Russia cannot visualize what it means to have 38 per cent of the nation's income taken away!

Brooklyn, November 29 C. WEED

"Passage of Arms"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Whatever the merits or shortcomings of Dean Woodbridge's "The Son of Apollo," every fair-minded reader must protest against Professor Shorey's question: "Is it possible that the laurels of Mr. Will Durant will not let him (Dean Woodbridge) sleep?" So modest, so genuine a scholar as Dean Woodbridge deserves better than such cynical jibes as ill become a "friendly and knightly joyous passage of arms."

Lakeville, Conn., December 6 JOHN MCCHESNEY

The A. E. F. in Siberia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your third article on Russia I find the following:

> Most Americans have completely forgotten that we sent two armies into Russia, without a declaration of war, *to fight and kill.* The Russians have not. In a workers' club in Nizhni Novgorod, where some of us made a totally unexpected visit one evening, we found a teacher showing an illuminated map of Russia to a group of boys and girls. For our special benefit he turned on the lights which showed where the American troops invaded Archangel and Siberia. The Russians are surely sincere in saying that they wish no more *such outrageous and murderous attacks.*

I was in Siberia from September, 1918, till January, 1919, as the correspondent of the New York *Herald,* accredited to the American Expeditionary Force in Siberia, and am familiar with the part played by the American troops there. While I admit that it was both unwise and wrong for America to send troops to Archangel, I know that statements to the effect that we sent troops to Siberia to fight and kill are absolutely untrue. General William S. Graves, in charge of the American Expeditionary Forces in Siberia, acted as one of the most liberal, humane, and far-sighted statesmen I have met among military men. I discussed the Russian problem with him frequently and studied his attitude toward Russia while traveling with him on an extensive tour of inspection. I may say without fear of contradiction that General Graves's attitude was correct and fair in every way and most sympathetic to the Russian people. He never interfered with the internal affairs of Russia and, what is more, he tried to exert a wholesome influence upon the Allied representatives. Wherever I traveled in Siberia I was told by Russians that they welcomed the Americans in Siberia particularly because they felt that the Americans by their very presence would prevent the Allied forces from acts of aggression.

When reports of intrigues by Allied military commanders in Siberia reached Vladivostok and a reactionary dictatorship was rumored, the liberal and radical Russian leaders became alarmed and feared for their lives. Three of them, the head of the municipal council, an editor, and another leader, asked me to introduce them to General Graves so that he might protect them in the event of trouble. I did this and later learned that these leaders, ordered by Admiral Kolchak to be arrested (which undoubtedly meant that they would be executed), were actually saved by General Graves.

Sheffield, Mass., November 16 HERMAN BERNSTEIN

[While it is true that there should have been in Mr. Villard's article a more careful differentiation between the American troops in Archangel and those in Siberia, General Graves's forces would also have fought and killed and burned villages had the situation arisen calling for such activities, in the opinion of Woodrow Wilson. They were not pacifists. There was no reflection intended upon General Graves himself, but the Moscow Russians feel as bitterly about his men's appearance upon Russian soil as they do about the murderous Archangel invasion.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

A Different Picture

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On Sunday, December 1, a public memorial service was held on the steps of the Detroit City Hall in honor of those American soldiers who lost their lives in Northern Russia. The bodies of fifty-six of these men have come home. This sad event forces the government officially to recognize that campaign.

As the train arrived at the Michigan Central station and the cortege of swamp-befrozen bodies made its way to the mausoleum at White Chapel there were the flare of drums, the whirr of airplanes, and the plaudits of well-known speakers.

We who fought with them in this paradoxical warfare against our own Allies understand the feelings of the Russian peasants forced, in the protection of their own homes and lives, to kill these men. And we would give a far more fitting welcome to these victims of a great national disgrace. Our welcome would be one of silence, a silence of memories and sorrows, but more, a silence of contemplation and humiliation that the entire nation might feel the burden of responsibility for this sacrifice upon the altar of international intrigue.

Lake Orion, Mich., December 2 H. H. WEIMEISTER

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Books, Films, Drama

Crusade

By EDA LOU WALTON

Wearing no symbol of despair
In the deep quiet of her hair,
No cross against her hollowed throat,
And uttering no stricken note
She walked her darkling way alone
Graciously from stone to stone.

If any saw her walking there,
Delicately wrought and fair,
They wondered at the swift and strong
Movements of her limbs along
A forest pathway grown so wild
As to affright this slender child.

But no one ever asked her where
She stepped so negligent of care,
And no one looked within her eyes
To see the merciless surprise
Of finding how her steps betrayed
Her heart into this mad crusade.

There is a mountain with a flare
Of trees like trumpets whose bright blare
Marshals the sunrise at the top
An outpost of clear light to stop
Within one moment and be seen
Above the regimental green.

To this lost mountain of the air
She fled if she fled anywhere,
With all about the marching rank
Of trees inclosing flank on flank;
Her heart a sword within her side
Unplucked until of it she died.

What Is Happiness?

The Psychology of Happiness. By Walter B. Pitkin. Simon and Schuster. $3.
Joy in Work. By Henri de Man. Henry Holt Company. $3.

THERE is no better proof of the unhappiness of an age than that it should begin to prate about the means of securing happiness. The very use of the word is a mischievous misnomer. If happiness has any reality aside from specific states of mind with which certain positive reactions are associated, it is a thing to be experienced and not prescribed. Its very condition of attainment is a subjective fact that is allied with so many features of environment and so many conflicts of personality that any intelligent discussion of it must be considered in connection with the particular individual concerned. Treatment of it in terms of generalizations about what to do to be happy, the happiness of a well-ordered life, or how to live happily, without adequate consideration of the social and economic environment, can be nothing more than the veriest twaddle.

It is because Mr. Pitkin so often descends to this kind of thing that his "Psychology of Happiness" becomes more of an adventure in sentimentality than science. Happiness, Mr. Pitkin declares, is "always an inner light, heat, and power." But what gives the individual this "inner light, heat, and power"? If it is born in him, then all of Mr. Pitkin's arguments are urged in vain. If one does not accept that hypothesis (and few people would in this age) then he must admit that the outer world has a great deal to do with the inner personality, and that any state of happiness must be dependent, to a considerable extent at all events, upon the environment. When, accordingly, Mr. Pitkin writes that "I do say, without any qualifications whatsoever, that in the more highly civilized sections of the United States in this year 1929 all the external conditions required for happy living are present," and adds that "the one remaining obstacle is psychological," he completely gives away his case. A rudimentary acquaintance with actual conditions in America in the textile trades, the steel mills, or the mines should be enough to show that the obstacle is far more economic than psychological. If he contends that these are not "the more highly civilized sections of the United States," he should realize that in what he regards as "the more highly civilized sections" the life of the worker is not much better, and that the so-called more civilized sections are dependent for their survival upon those less civilized. The killing of Sacco and Vanzetti might have made clear to him the economic forces at work behind the scenes. If all the "external conditions required for happy living are present," waiting, as Mr. Pitkin maintains, "to be used by those who can," it is the economic obstacle in our whole social life that will have to be controlled before the psychological. To force the multitude of men to make felicitous psychological adjustment to our present economic order would be to make them into mental robots.

From the point of view of social progress, then, "The Psychology of Happiness" is a dangerous book. It would lead the individual to seek happiness within himself while the world about him endured every form of distress. And what of those men, the great reformers and revolutionists of the ages, who spurned happiness while others suffered, who fought and often died for causes that aimed to bring happiness to all rather than to themselves or to a few? What of social sacrifice as a means toward social happiness? Why, one asks, does Mr. Pitkin have nothing to say of these? It is because happiness to him is a form of individual triumph which has nothing social in its challenge.

Henri de Man, on the other hand, in his study of joy in work, appreciates the economic background of the problem. Where Mr. Pitkin entertains his readers with a racy account of many personalities who exemplify certain aspects of his thesis—Leopardi, Kant, Descartes, Chopin, who were of "the accursed"; William Jennings Bryan, G. Stanley Hall, Haydon who were of "the blessed"—Henri de Man confines his analysis to technical observations and psychological detail. As a result, "Joy in Work" is far less readable than "The Psychology of Happiness"—for Pitkin's book, whatever its demerits as a study, reads in parts almost like a novel. Henri de Man is concerned almost entirely with "the impulse to joy in work" and the factors which tend to thwart that impulse. His book is made doubly interesting by the fact that most of his conclusions have been derived from a questionnaire study of "seventy-eight autobiographical reports supplied by wage-workers and salaried employees of both sexes in various parts of the country." De Man is convinced that the main drives which make man feel a genuine joy in work are the instincts of activity, play, curiosity, and self-assertiveness. The constructive instinct, the possessive instinct, and the combative instinct he believes are also aids in the development of this impulse. While

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his use of the word instinct is rather loose, the idea of behavior which he is trying to elucidate when he employs the word is clear enough to be of value in his discussion. His consideration of those factors of modern labor that tend to turn the worker into a robot, however, is of more importance than his analysis of these so-called instincts. In his consideration of those factors, moreover, and his suggestions for avoiding "monotony of motion," "reduction of initiative," and the like he does not seem to be aware of the fact that we have now entered the stage of the second Industrial Revolution, namely, the Technological Revolution. This technological stage in which we are now enmeshed, and which has advanced much farther in America than in Germany, reduces the worker to even more of a robot, and makes a number of Henri de Man's suggestions as to how to bring back joy into work seem entirely inapplicable, if not absurd.

Henri de Man understands, however, what Pitkin does not, that the basis of the happiness problem has to do largely with the economic life of the individual. While de Man also stresses the psychological factor in his analysis, it is always in connection with the economic. If we are ever to have happiness for the mass, we shall have to have a civilization which does not exploit it, and which affords labor either in such short and unexhausting form that the worker does not mind it or else in a form that the worker actually enjoys. All talk of happiness that does not have such a social aim in mind as an end may be interesting psychology for the leisured classes, but it has no meaning for the rest of mankind.

V. F. Calverton

Rival and Friend

Canada and the United States. By Hugh L. Keenleyside. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.25.

CANADA, long barely remembered in the United States and then chiefly with the thought that the Stars and Stripes should float to the ultimate North, is at last being recognized as having an individuality of its own and especially as the chief commercial customer of the republic. This book is a competent piece of work. The author, now secretary of the Canadian Legation in Japan, has held various appointments in historical faculties in the United States and knows his ground. The book is based on a wide examination of both printed and manuscript material and the many footnotes are an adequate guide to sources.

When the poet Rupert Brooke visited Canada, illuminati at Harvard asked why he should wish to go to a country "without a soul." To offset this we may quote Mr. Keenleyside: "No country in the world has produced proportionately as many men of academic distinction as has the Dominion of Canada." He traces adequately the successive phases of the relations between the two countries. English-speaking Canada is largely a child of the American Revolution. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler once commented on an atmosphere "that the modern visitor to Canada cannot understand." What the American visitor fails to realize is that the Loyalist exiles from the republic affected, and perhaps felt, contempt for American society and loathed the democracy which had persecuted them. This bitterness was intensified by the War of 1812, with its professed aim to free down-trodden Canada from the British yoke. To the war-hawks Canada was simply a commodity to be taken from its owner, Great Britain. The twofold result of the war was to make the republic finally secure on its foundations and to make Canada definitely British. That it should have remained so is really remarkable. The United States had demanded it in negotiations for the peace of 1783, and nearly a hundred years later wished to have it as compensation for the ravages of the Alabama. At that time Great Britain was so willing to get rid of it that Lord Granville, Secretary of State for the Colonies, asked the Canadians to "annex themselves." What kept Canada British was the determination of its own people not to be absorbed by their great neighbor.

Mr. Keenleyside describes in adequate detail the grounds of difference since 1812: frontier incidents during the Canadian rebellion of 1837; the dispute over the Maine and Oregon boundaries; the slackness of the republic in checking the Fenian invasion of Canada after the Civil War; the disputes regarding American rights in the fisheries. Mr. Roosevelt's "shirt-sleeves" diplomacy in connection with the Alaska boundary comes in for some stricture, while at the same time the author believes that substantial justice was achieved in this as in other controversies.

It still is difficult to induce Americans to read anything about Canada. Perhaps some may be attracted by the interesting style of this book. It is probably true that in a world where the United States is for the moment not popular no nation is more deeply friendly than Canada. There are superficial sources of irritation which might easily be avoided. Attacks on Great Britain in the United States arouse resentment in Canada. Remarks like that of Richard Olney that the United States is "sovereign on this continent" are not soothing to other American peoples. Mr. Newton Baker's claim for the United States of the "dominant moral position in the world" is not echoed with enthusiasm by her Northern neighbor. Canadians sometimes remember that the House of Representatives of the United States protested against the federation of the British provinces which was to make Canada a nation, and proposals in the United States to "buy" Canada evoke a wry smile. These are, however, really trifles. Mr. Keenleyside shows that Canada has now grown into a great law-abiding state with something to teach as well as to learn from its neighbor. His assurance that "even a Tory government in Britain would as soon think of issuing orders to Paris or Washington as to Ottawa" gives ground for believing that Canada is truly an American and not a European state.

George M. Wrong

A Curious Biography

William the First, His Life and Times. By Paul Wiegler. Translated and Edited by Constance Vesey. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

THE reader who has had the patience to wade through the 448 pages, aggregating about 180,000 words, into which Herr Wiegler has dumped the dated and assorted contents of his notebooks will have learned about all that it is necessary for even a devoted student of history to know about the Emperor William I and his family and associates. He will also have been shown a panorama which includes the revolutions of 1848, the formation of the North German Confederation, the *Kulturkampf*, the struggles between Prussia and Austria, the Franco-German and Balkan wars, the formal creation of the German Empire, and a considerable number of other episodes in which Prussia or Germany played important parts. It will also have been borne in upon him that the author does not like Bismarck, and that his picture of "the amateur Machiavelli and Pomeranian landed proprietor"" is drawn to exhibit William as master. Incidentally, there are some clever personal characterizations and bits of description, among the best being the pen-picture of von Moltke and the account of the Emperor's last days. Herr Wiegler's style and method, however, are alike irritating. He affects the present tense,

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dropping it only on occasion as if by inadvertence, gets rid of verbs altogether in innumerable instances, and revels in phrases and ejaculations. As for form, he sticks as closely as possible to chronology, sets down events in their order like a diarist, and now and then, after some straightforward writing, seizes the time-thread again with a jerk and plumps down the year's date as the beginning of another paragraph. It is a curious method of historical narration, especially in this day when historians and biographers are once more giving some attention to style. The translation appears to be as perfect as the original permits, but we are not told wherein the editing of the text consists.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

The Passing of James Huneker

Essays by James Gibson Huneker. Selected with an Introduction by H. L. Mencken. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

READING Huneker's essays today, one feels creeping over one the revolting suspicion that James Huneker, that great iconoclast, godfather of Mencken and all the Menckenites, was nothing but a sort of Hamilton Wright Mabie with a perverse streak of naughtiness and with somewhat better luck in choosing the objects of his enthusiasm. His own heresies seem tame, and the heresies of his chosen supermen take on in his presentation an equal mildness. The *enfant terrible* of the last generation disappears, and in his place we behold a garrulous, gossipy, erudite gentleman with a taste for Pilsner and a gentle fondness for wild men.

This is, of course, ridiculous, and one banishes the suspicion with an apology for ever having allowed it to intrude upon one's consciousness. Huneker was head and shoulders above most contemporary critics. His learning should have made the academicians blush; his perception of the importance of such figures as Ibsen, Huysmans, Strauss, and a dozen others was prompt and unhesitating; the vigor with which he recommended his favorites was sincere and persuasive. While Mabie spouted set speeches on Wordsworth and Longfellow, and commemorated on his White Lists the names of the more trivial and innocuous novels of his day, Huneker was casting his net into the sea of international literature and catching in it real fish instead of minnows.

All this one must gladly grant, and yet it is difficult to assert that Huneker is any less completely dead than Mabie and those other contemporaries above whom, looked at in relation to his period, he looms so vastly. The truth of the matter is that Huneker, whatever he may have been able to say to his own generation, has singularly little to say to ours. It is not very illuminating to learn that Shaw has a sentimental side, that de Maupassant's style is hard but graceful, or that Laforgue was a fantastic chap. (Edmund Wilson, by the way, says more that seems really important about Laforgue in a couple of paragraphs in an essay on another subject than Huneker manages to say in fifteen pages.) There is little coherence in the essays, and there is much repetition. There are few ideas, and those few are seldom developed with satisfying thoroughness and originality. What we do find in the essays is the quality for which Huneker was famed—gusto. He liked what he liked, and he wrote about it with inextinguishable enthusiasm and relish, with much smacking of lips and licking of chops. After reviewing forty or fifty separate works by Brahms, he can still make his adjectives wag their tails in glee; and even his harshest judgments are almost invariably capped with paragraphs of eulogy. His chronicles of his heroes' lives are quite as heartily appreciative as his criticisms, and they occupy rather more space.

But gusto is not enough; in fact gusto, taken by itself, can only become tiring. In sound criticism we respond to a certain force of reason and insight, even when we disagree with particular opinions. Huneker, however, is satisfying only so long as we share his views, and one suspects that his present admirers would be the first to call him an empty fellow if he had praised Tennyson and Browning instead of Nietzsche and Stendhal. If criticism is to survive, it must be by virtue of the intellectual and imaginative resources of the critic. The adventures of a soul, even among masterpieces, are worth recording only if the soul itself has some intrinsic worth beyond that lent by enthusiasm and erudition.

If Huneker's rejoicings fail to move us today, it is partly because fashions in criticism have changed. This change Mr. Mencken notes in his introduction to the essays, commenting on it with a melancholy made pathetically striking by its setting in the midst of the pyrotechnic glories with which he does honor to Huneker's memory. "All the young critics of today," Mr. Mencken writes, "turn away from his innocent delight in all lovely and amusing things to seek inspiration in the moral sitzbaths of More, Babbitt and Company." And again: "There is a swing back to the pious, intellectual flummery that he abhorred." There is a swing, certainly, whether backward or forward. Not only is Huneker deserted but also Mencken himself; and many of the young critics proceed from Babbitt's humanism to Anglo-Catholicism, Neo-Thomism, and other dogmas from which Huneker would have shrunk in horror. The explanation lies, one cannot but believe, precisely in the inadequacies of the school of criticism of which Huneker was a major representative. The impressionistic critic can explode in a series of ecstasies; he can indulge in a running comment on the virtues of the piece under consideration; he can stray leisurely along the by-paths of biography and gossip; or he can expose the effervescent workings of his own soul. All these performances seem today rather jejune. There is a demand that criticism proceed from a well-stocked mind, from a mind that can recognize implications and tendencies, that can grapple with ideas as well as emotions.

The danger that the pendulum will swing too far is apparent: it is more than a danger; it is almost a certainty. We already have critics who think that a smattering of almost any dogmatic theory is sufficient equipment for the literary life. But at the same time there is a sharpening of perception, a struggle to create standards, an increased attention to the object of criticism instead of the feelings of the critic. Huneker seems stale. We can recognize his capacity for the kind of thing he sought to do, his brilliance, his independence; but his work is seen to be—O, damning phrase!—of merely historical importance.

GRANVILLE HICKS

Fiction Briefs

Steppenwolf. By Hermann Hesse. Translated from the German by Basil Creighton. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

A German journalist disillusioned by the war, treated as a traitor by his former friends, deserted by his family, becomes an outcast and develops, as the outcome of his conviction that he is half-man, half-wolf, a suicidal mania. The desire, however, is never fulfilled. The mottled habits of dance-hall professionals and the lashing torture of his mind keep him alive. In the preface the author expresses his belief that the neurosis of his hero is general as well as individual—a reflection of an ailing generation, of this present generation of transition. Yet the obsession of the supernatural, the abnormal, the death-in-life motif has more the familiar symptoms of literary and imaginative than of social decadence about it. The symbol of dual personality forever in conflict is too near the Faust

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TOM MOONEY FRAME UP

JUSTICE CALIFORNIA STYLE

A VOICE FROM A LIVING GRAVE

The Reverend John Haynes Holmes says, "Mooney Pamphlet one of most formidable documents I have ever seen."

New York City, Sept. 21, 1929.

Dear Tom Mooney:

Your pamphlet has at last come to hand—and I am writing at once to say how enormously impressed I am. The Pamphlet is one of the most formidable documents I have ever seen in my life. If properly distributed it should arouse a public sentiment which will make your pardon certain.

My hand to you, dear comrade. Keep up your courage. Your friends are multiplying every hour.

As always, Very sincerely,
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Mme. Peggy Guggenheim-Vail sends $2,000.

Munich, Sept. 9, 1929.

Tom Mooney Molders Defense Committee,
San Francisco, Cal.

I just found the pamphlets you sent me which have been forwarded all over Europe. I hasten to send you one thousand ($1,000) dollars from myself and one thousand ($1,000) dollars from the Benita Guggenheim Mayer Memorial Fund.

I am glad at last to be able to do something about Mooney. I've always wanted to. This is the first time I have been asked to. Thank you.

PEGGY GUGGENHEIM-VAIL,
Paris, France.

TOM MOONEY
1929

ALINE BARNSDALE GIVES $1,000 WILL GIVE $10,000 more for $40,000 raised from other sources—wants Mooney pamphlet sent to every California Voter.

Los Angeles, Calif., Jan. 16, 1929.

Tom Mooney Molders Defense Committee,
Box 1475, San Francisco, Calif.
Dear Sir:—

I understand from *The Nation* and *New Republic* that an effort is to be made to reach every voter in California with information of this case and I enclose my check for $1,000 toward this with my deepest hope that it will result in the freedom of Tom Mooney. I am one hundred percent for Mooney's plan to get a copy of the case to every voter in California and it will take fifty thousand ($50,000) dollars at least. . . . I am willing to give a thousand dollars ($1,000) for each five thousand dollars ($5,000) collected or ten thousand dollars ($10,000) for forty thousand dollars ($40,000) collected from any other source for this work.

Please keep me in touch with what you are doing and let me know if there is anything I can do here. I visited him in prison a short time after he was arrested, so you can understand that my interest is of long standing and I might have something to say. I have been hoping for a long time that something of this kind would happen.

Sincerely,
ALINE BARNSDALL.

TOM MOONEY'S APPEAL

SAN QUENTIN PRISON, CALIFORNIA.

TO FRIENDS OF JUSTICE:

Adding to the horror of almost fourteen years in prison on a "Frame-up," comes the following news dispatch blasting our hopes of an early pardon.

SACRAMENTO, Nov. 22. Governor C. C. Young today in a lengthy statement announced: "I am referring the case of Thomas J. Mooney to the Advisory Pardon Board for investigation and recommendation.

"The study of (Billings Case) transcript and other material by each of the (Supreme Court) justices must of necessity consume some time, time which may well be employed by the Advisory Pardon Board in helping me consider the case of Mooney.

"Whatever recommendations the Supreme Court may make or refuse to make in the Billings Case must apply with equal force to the case of Mooney," the Governor declared in referring the Mooney issue to the Pardon Advisory Board.

"The cases of Mooney and Billings have attracted widespread attention, largely from those who know absolutely nothing about them except as a reflection of popular clamor.

"The Governor has indicated that he expects an exhaustive study of the case.

"IT IS EVIDENT TODAY THAT SEVERAL MONTHS MUST ELAPSE BEFORE RECOMMENDATIONS TO THE GOVERNOR CAN BE MADE."

The Governor of California has had my pardon petition for three years. First, he told my friends frankly that parole was his solution and this at the PROPER TIME. Frank P. Walsh and a group of California citizens presented my case to the Governor August 27th, 1928. He promised to go into the case immediately. A month later he wrote the State Federation of Labor that it would take several months for him to study the case in his spare hours. He used the Legislative Sessions as another excuse for delay, but promised to take the case up during his vacation and render his decision at the end of the summer. When he returned to the Capitol, he requested Billings to present his petition to the Supreme Court for their recommendation. Then the Governor referred my case to the Advisory Pardon Board, which will delay a decision indefinitely, if an aroused and awakened public sentiment does not demand immediate action.

What a travesty upon Justice—the fraud in this case had been known to every literate person for over twelve years. Parole is for the guilty. The Governor wanted me to accept Parole. I am absolutely innocent. I will rot and die within the walls of San Quentin before I will accept a degrading and humiliating Parole, which would make of me a prisoner of the State for the remainder of my life, subject always to being returned to Prison for life for any infraction of the rules governing parole, none of which are actual violations of law.

Everyone who took part officially in my trial has written to the Governor, urging him to pardon me. The real curse of this case right now is the over-confidence of my friends in my early pardon, which is absolutely unwarranted in the light of the Governor referring my case to the Advisory Pardon Board. Every reader of *The Nation* should write to the Governor, urging him to grant unconditional pardon to Mooney and Billings immediately. Urge your friends to do likewise.

Injustice can thrive only on ignorance. The great mass of citizens of California do not know the facts in the Mooney-Billings Case. I have prepared and published a 32-page pamphlet entitled, "PARDON TOM MOONEY—INNOCENT," which I wish to place in the hands of all California citizens. There is just one thing needed to carry this plan to completion—Funds. Will you help me to raise them?

I urge you—I plead with you—I implore you not to forget us, after reading this earnest appeal. Make our Christmas as happy and cheerful for us as possible while in prison, by helping us to place our case before the voters of California, which will eventually bring us freedom, the most precious gift you can send us.

Every reader of *The Nation* should send a contribution, be it ever so small. Urge your friends to do likewise. If you have friends who are lovers of Justice, send us their names and we will mail a copy of the pamphlet to them, so that they too may have an opportunity to help in righting this monstrous wrong.

I give you in advance my most heartfelt thanks and deepest appreciation for your help in righting this grievous wrong—THIRTEEN YEARS OF A MOST UNJUST AND CRUEL CALIFORNIA IMPRISONMENT.

Sincerely and
Fraternally yours,
TOM MOONEY.

MARY E. GALLAGHER
Secretary-Treasurer
Tom Mooney Molder Defense Committee
P. O. Box 1475 N.,
San Francisco, Cal.

CALIFORNIA'S SHAME

A TERRIBLE INDICTMENT

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tradition in literature, and the sublimation of the dead-end of experience is too much like a typical case of romantic *Weltschmerz* to be accepted as a complete or wholly reliable interpretation of the contemporary scene. Moreover, where Byron and Poe have given a glorious or supernal glow to a similar theme, Herr Hesse has left it blatantly fetid.

Don't Call Me Clever. By Lawrence Drake. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

There is a breathlessness about this novel as of a man who has just missed a train—a good run, heated stir of emotion, and no profitable end. All the introspection of Nathan Laskov, who despises his Jewish brother and their Jewish friends, carries him only to self-contempt and to a business partnership with that wretched fellow who is, after all, his brother. For, freely as Nathan's eyes break beyond barriers, he is tied to his people, his race. The portraits of the Jewish merchant making the most of a commercial world, desiring only social acceptance, and of the frustrate Jewish intellectual, self-consumed, are vivid contributions to the growing gallery of futile figures in an aimless age.

Catherine Foster. By H. E. Bates. The Viking Press. $2.50.

Charles Foster's fascination was of short duration after Catherine married him and had the opportunity to observe him among his farmer-clients and his chemist-neighbors. His brother, however, had the romance of a ne'er-do-well's past about him and tastes that were similar to her own, so he became her lover. Their mute, passionate experience is related in determined, modulated prose, distinguished by its pictorial effects and enhanced by the author's certain characterization of confused, unresourceful people.

The Wings of the Eagle. By Gilbert Seldes. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

In his first novel Mr. Seldes shows that he is well along toward the mastery of plot and structure and not so far along in characterization. He realizes almost every opportunity that his idea and intention suggest. The incidents are well chosen and timed, and the method of reversing them in order to establish Lodor's temperament fully is well employed, but the figure of the hero, of the social idealist, the man of vision, the leader who lacks foresight and insight is dull. He has the dulness of specialization about him, of one-sidedness. Given two or three situations and his attributes are exhausted. Anne, too, is dull, but her chief fault is not in her character. Mr. Seldes, for the purpose he makes her serve, uses her too much; there is too much Anne. In fact, only Gordon shows traces of the complexity that makes a character both real and interesting; but Gordon's potentialities are not developed. Let Mr. Seldes conceive and extend some more people like Gordon and his next novel will be richer and better.

The Fiddler. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

The elopement of a young married woman with the married leader of a jazz orchestra and the resultant murder offer all the ingredients for a tabloid hash, but Mrs. Millin gives just the proper modulation to her theme to avoid melodrama. She simplifies motives and effects to a minimum, and reveals a deeper plot in the discrepancies between the momentary, rash impulses of human beings and their power to deal with the fruits thereof. She writes briefly and vividly, with fine insight into the bitter, fatal lot of exceptional people.

River House. By Stark Young. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Mr. Young depicts the maladjustment of the old South to the new in terms of a misunderstanding between two generations of the same family. The book is too long; much of it is unnecessary repetition; two of the characters might be omitted without any loss resulting; yet the virtues of the book outweigh its faults. The picture is full and provocative. The dialogue and the use of the dialogue to portray character and create impressions are excellent. Moreover, Mr. Young exhibits an attitude that is rare among American authors: he writes of sentimental people without either an emotional or an intellectual bias, without satire or solicitation. In so doing he intensifies and at the same time clarifies his plot. The son's final departure is darkened by the sense of futility and by his consciousness that the question is not one of right or wrong but of suitability. The tradition which the father represents is dying, not because all its values are false but because no adaptation to new conditions has been attempted to distinguish the good from the bad. Mr. Young's style is as firm as his thinking.

The Book Shelf

A new edition of *Art in Industry,* by Charles R. Richards (The Macmillan Company; $2.50), being the report of an industrial art survey conducted under the auspices of the National Society for Vocational Education and the New York State Department of Education, contains upwards of fifty illustrative plates, twenty of them in colors.

The Book of Urizen, by William Blake, reproduced in facsimile from a 1794 copy printed and illuminated by the author, with a note on Blake by Dorothy Plowman, has been issued in a handsome form by E. P. Dutton and Company ($8).

Scandinavian Literature from Brandes to Our Day, by H. G. Topsöe-Jensen, translated from the Danish by Isaac Anderson (W. W. Norton and Company; $3.50), is a concise outline of the history of Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish literature since 1870, issued under the auspices of the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

A History of English Literature, by Emile Legouis and Louis Cazamian, has been reissued in a one-volume edition in larger type and with some revision of the text (The Macmillan Gompany; $7.50).

Recent publications of the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution include *Myths and Tales of the Southeastern Indians,* by John R. Swanton, and *Papago Music,* by Frances Densmore, the latter with numerous records of Indian songs (Washington: Government Printing Office).

Louis D. Brandeis: A Biographical Sketch, by Jacob de Haas (Bloch Publishing Company; $3), is devoted chiefly to Justice Brandeis's contributions to Jewish and Zionist history. The texts of addresses delivered between 1912 and 1924 are included.

Legion: The Book of the British Legion by Britain's Foremost Writers in Prose and Verse (Doubleday, Doran and Company; $3), contains contributions by John Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, Aldous Huxley, Rebecca West, and twenty-nine other writers, and eight illustrations by Jacob Epstein, John Sargent, and others.

The publication of the *Journals of the Continental Congress,* edited by Gaillard Hunt, of which Volume XXV appeared in 1922, has been resumed with the issuance of Volumes XXVI and XXVII (Washington: Government Printing Office). The new volumes cover the year 1784.

The Story of the Weather, by Eugene Van Cleef (The Century Company; $2.50), is a popular account of weather phenomena treated as "an organized unit of nature."

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Films

Mostly "For the Family"

BROADWAY may go on eagerly pursuing "sophistication," a near relative of "corruption by something spurious or foreign," but Hollywood sticks to simple human nature which in the matter of dramatic entertainment demands no more than the plainest fare and rather enjoys what the doctors call "roughage." To Mr. Fairbanks and Miss Pickford go the well-deserved plaudits of their admirers who in "The Taming of the Shrew" (Rivoli) get as much genuine fun as could be extracted from Shakespeare by the rough though good-natured process of squeezing him into the Hollywood mold of slap-stick comedy. I am not particularly grieved about the bard's discomfiture, for after all "The Taming of the Shrew" was only a Hollywood of its day. But it is to be regretted that in carrying out his interesting experiment Mr. Fairbanks made no attempt to use some of the excellent material in the play for a more original and more cinematic treatment of the dialogue. As it stands, Mr. Fairbanks's adaptation is merely a silent picture of the conventional pattern with the sub-titles spoken by the actors instead of being read by the audience. Even so there is very little dialogue, while long stretches of the film are given over to silent comic "business." It was hardly necessary for that to disturb the peace of the great magician of words, albeit his phrasing is less felicitous in this comedy than in many of his other plays.

Shakespeare, however, wrote for his coarse contemporaries who had a voracious appetite for finely spun words, whereas Mr. Fairbanks has to please our more civilized children of the Ford age who have left most of the bother of growing up and aging to their machines, while like all children they revel in the spectacle of people tumbling into the mud or rolling down the steps, of chairs and cushions being thrown about, or of any other horseplay. More is the pity, as Mr. Fairbanks is an ideal Petruchio (I regret I cannot say the same of Miss Pickford as Katharina) and can speak his lines, when he has a chance, with a gusto and a sensuous delight in the sound of words that could not be bettered. With the camera used searchingly and dramatically, the duel of wits in the first scene between Petruchio and Katharina could have been made a sparkling and glamorous thing. Instead, most of the lines in this scene have been cut out, and the whip has been enthroned where wit was supposed to reign.

The public which likes boisterous fun in its feminine part is even more thrilled by sentimental crooning about "a kiss in the morning and a kiss at night." Mr. Rudy Vallee is an unassuming young man with a pleasant voice, and in "The Vagabond Lover" (Globe) he gives his admirers what they long for —a succession of songs to the accompaniment of a jazz band which makes their hearts melt and fills their beings with a glow of "romance." Those who write to Mr. Vallee can also get his signed photograph; of which privilege, announced over the radio, the Vallee worshipers have lately been availing themselves to the tune of about 5,000 photos a day.

If the two pictures just reviewed were made expressly "for the family," the American censors saw to it that the German picture "The Box of Pandora" (55th Street Playhouse) conformed to the same standard of morals. In the process the original, which was obviously intended for adults only, lost a great deal in footage, and what is more, its only raison d'etre, since besides its rather pleasing photography this ponderous and indifferently acted picture has little to commend it to any theatergoer.

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Drama

Tolstoy Revived

TOLSTOY'S "The Living Corpse" is the latest addition to the program of the Civic Repertory Theater. Miss LeGallienne's two previous productions from Chekhov are the most interesting things to be seen there, and her loyal audience greeted with every sign of approval the well-known play by Chekhov's more earnest and ponderous countryman. She herself certainly earned the applause which was given her for a very excellent playing of the amusing scene in which the aristocratic Anna Karenina interviews her prospective daughter-in-law, and Jacob Ben-Ami was agreeably received in the role of the weakling hero who so spectacularly shoots himself in the last act because he cannot bear to go through with the disgusting mummery of divorce by collusion. As a whole the production does not suffer too much from comparison with that given two seasons ago by the Reinhardt-Moissi company, and it is probably at least nearer to the intention of the author than the more romantic one, seen here some years past, when John Barrymore made Fedya a sort of Byronic hero going gracefully to the dogs before an audience whose feminine members all longed to reform him.

Yet I must confess that this present performance leaves me, as did both the previous ones, still in doubt concerning the real intention of the play. I am loath to believe that Tolstoy aimed at nothing more original or profound than the story of an amiable drunkard, and that he intended to awaken in the audience nothing except that facile and half-envious pity which is so easy to arouse in behalf of an attractive young sinner. Yet the temptation to emphasize this aspect of the play seems almost irresistible, and though a part of the blame for the fact may be charged to the actor's fondness for just such a role—to his instinctive realization that it inclines the audience to baby him in very agreeable fashion—some part of it must be due to the play itself. And since Tolstoy must surely have meant to achieve more than that, it would appear that he left unsaid something which he meant to say.

Obviously he is not at home in the drama. The eleven scenes give outward sign of the fact that he was more used to free narrative than to the artificial concentration of the action almost necessary in the dramatic form; and a certain sketchiness in the writing of the whole play, a certain episodic development which suggests a dramatization rather than a drama, furnishes subtler evidence of the same thing. Yet I doubt if even this is sufficient to account for the blurred effect which the play has always seemed to me to produce, and I am inclined to believe that it arises out of the author's hesitation between two themes of which one is predominantly sociological while the other is concerned with a problem of abstract ethics.

Certainly the finest single scene is the second, in which the hero listens to the singing of the Gypsies. It is marked by a poetry, by a touch of ecstasy, absent from all the others, and its effect is not by any means wholly due to the beauty of the singing itself, for it is this scene which seems to announce the theme of the drama. Fedya has been lured away from the dull virtuousness of his home to go in pursuit of some passionate experience whose nature seems hinted to him in the wild strains of the vagabonds' music. He has no natural taste for debauchery, no coarse homesickness for the dirt; it is, on the contrary, the very sensitiveness of his nature which is fatal. He deserts decorous domesticity, not for something which is worse but for something which is in itself far more exalted, and it is his tragedy to find the poetic ecstasy he is seeking only in association with squalor and depravity. There is some soul of good in

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this evil thing, or rather, as Tolstoy with his fear of the senses prefers to put it, some soul of evil in this seductive good. Hence the real theme of the play is the theme which always obsessed him—the fascination and beauty of those sensual experiences which the ascetic in him so violently hated.

Yet this theme, once it has been powerfully announced, hardly comes to the surface again throughout the entire action, and Tolstoy allows himself to be diverted into what becomes, in effect, a none too interesting and now far from timely discussion of divorce. At the end he galvanizes the whole into life again by the sensational suicide of Fedya, but by this time we have all but forgotten that Fedya's problem is the real problem of the play, and his death becomes less significant as the end of the hero than simply as a violent protest against the Russian marriage laws.

The modern drama owes much to sociology, for it was by means of its sociological interests that it pulled itself out of the rut of triviality into which it had fallen. But the older the modern classics grow, the more obviously does the weight of stale discussion pull them down. If Ibsen and Shaw and Tolstoy the playwrights ever reach eternity they must bear a heavy burden over a long rough road.

Ernest Pascal's "The Amorous Antic" (Theater Masque) deals in a vein of extravagant satire with love among those artists who paint cubistically and go in constant fear of acquiring an inhibition. It is sometimes amusing but almost as frequently silly.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT

PLAYS TO SEE

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Fifty Million Frenchmen—Lyric—W. 42nd St.
It's a Wise Child—Belasco—W. 44th St.
June Moon—Broadhurst—W. 44th St.
Marionette Theatre—Garrick, W. 35th St.—Sat. mornings
Strictly Dishonorable—Avon—W. 45th St.
Sweet Adeline—Hammerstein—Broadway & 53rd St.
The Little Show—Music Box—W. 45th St.
The Game of Love and Death—Guild Theatre—W. 52nd St.
Yiddish Art Theatre—Jew Suss—Broadway & 28th St.

First Nights

Half Gods—Plymouth—W. 44th St.—Op. Dec. 21st.
Red Rust—Beck—302 W. 45th St.—Op. Dec. 17th.

FILMS

Disraeli—Central Theatre—Broadway and 47th St.
General Crack—Warner Bros.—Broadway & 52nd St.
Hunting Tigers in India—George Cohan—Broadway and 43rd St.
Meistersinger—55th St. Playhouse—154 W. 55th St.
Metropolis and Streets of Sorrow—Film Guild—52 W. 8th St.
Peter Pan—Junior Film Guild—52 W. 8th St., Dec. 25th to Jan. 1st, each morning.

CONCERTS AND RECITALS

Carola Goya—Hampden—B'dway—62nd St.—Sun. Eve., Dec. 29th.
Dorothy Gordon's "Young People's Concert Hours"—Town Hall, 113 West 43rd St.—Sat. Aft., Dec. 28th.
Grand Opera for Children—Hansel & Gretel—Town Hall—Fri. Morn., Dec. 27th.
Isadora Duncan Dancers—Carnegie—Sat. Aft., Dec. 28th.
Lerner Quartet—Carnegie Hall—Fri. Eve., Dec. 20th.
Menuhin—Carnegie—Fri. Eve., Jan. 3rd.
Musicians' Gambol—Carnegie—Mon. Eve., Dec. 30th.
Philharmonic Symphony—Thurs. Eve., Dec. 19th, 26th; Fri. Aft., Dec. 27th; Fri. Eve., Dec. 20th; Sun. Aft. Dec. 22nd, 29th—Carnegie Hall.
Philharmonic Symphony, Junior Orchestral Concert—Sat. Morn., Dec. 28th, Carnegie Hall.
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How Stimson Bungled

By LOUIS FISCHER

THE Manchurian crisis has passed, and the Chinese Eastern Railway is to be returned to the Soviet government. Secretary of State Stimson claims credit for the agreement. In truth, he had nothing to do with it. The settlement was reached without him and despite him. His invocation of the Paris pact proved a complete failure.

Mr. Stimson had told Senators in Washington that the absence of machinery for implementing the Paris pact was its chief weakness. He wished, by intervening in the Manchurian situation, to give the pact an initial baptism of action. In fact, however, he further weakened it by bringing it into the situation without any warrant. Let us examine the facts.

On July 10, 1929, China broke the two treaties of 1924 with Moscow and sequestered the Chinese Eastern Railway on the excuse of propaganda. Eight days after the seizure the United States, acting as guardian of the Paris pact, urged peace on the Soviet and Chinese governments. Both promised to remain mindful of their obligations. This, presumably, was sufficient assurance. But a few days later a mysterious aide memoire came into being in Washington. Secretary Stimson, according to an official announcement, handed it to the diplomatic representatives of Britain, France, Japan, Germany, and Italy on July 25. It dealt with Manchuria, but the State Department withheld publication. Secrets, however, will out. The Moscow *Pravda* of August 6 printed a Vienna dispatch throwing light on the contents of the aide memoire. It had suggested that (1) a neutral commission be appointed to study the Manchurian conflict; (2) the parties in dispute withdraw their troops from the danger zone and refrain from hostile action; and (3), and most important, a body of five Russians, five Chinese, and a neutral chairman operate the Chinese Eastern Railway pending a final settlement. The Bolsheviks suspected that the "neutral" chairman would be an American as in 1917 to 1922 when Colonel J. F. Stevens was director of the Chinese Eastern.

Previously, according to Mr. Kawakami in the Baltimore *Sun* of August 3, information of the same general character regarding the aide memoire had filtered into the Japanese press, notably the *Nichi Nichi* and *Asahi*. I have reason to believe that the sources drawn upon by the *Pravda* and *Asahi* were, indirectly, the German and Japanese foreign offices. Moscow, at any rate, felt that it had reason to be suspicious of Washington's lively interest in the Manchurian controversy. A declaration made at Williamstown on August 25 by Stanley K. Hornbeck, chief of the Far Eastern division of the State Department, confirmed Bolshevik suspicions. He did not deny the existence of the unpublished aide memoire. "I am not in a position to make a statement on that point," he said. But he emphasized the fact that America's traditional policy in respect to the Chinese Eastern Railway was neutralization. He gave instances: the Knox proposals in 1907-10, and the period from 1917 to 1922 when an American managed the road. If the United States is innocent of a desire to "neutralize" the line or fortify its influence over it, why does not Mr. Stimson now publish the aide memoire? If the document contains none of the sinister things attributed to it throughout the world publication is in order at this time.

Meanwhile, fighting proceeded on the Soviet-Chinese frontier. On August 19 the Soviets handed the German government a note (Germany was protecting Russian interests in China) which called attention to eight raids undertaken between July 18 and August 18 by Chinese and White Russian troops into Soviet territory. On September 9 the Soviets handed the German ambassador in Moscow, von Dirksen, a second note citing nineteen further attacks by Chinese and White Russian bands on Soviet steamers, border guards, and villages. A third protest to Dr. von Dirksen dated September 17 enumerated additional incursions into Siberia. No nation invoked the Paris pact. In November the Soviet government undertook armed reprisals. The press now commenced to print many details of Bolshevik pushes into Manchuria.

The Soviet government had twice warned China, through Germany, that its patience would be exhausted if the Chinese continued to mine the Amur River, fire on Russian shipping, and torture Soviet citizens, and if White-Guard groups repeated their depredations in the Soviet Far East. A Russian raid in force began on November 18. Air and artillery bombardments were reported, and newspaper dispatches announced the capture of Manchuli, the Chinese border town, Dalainor, and Hailar. Hailar had been gutted, telegrams said.

An Associated Press wire from Tokio on November 21 informed the world that Mukden had decided to negotiate with Moscow for a settlement of the railway dispute. The Soviets had achieved their purpose. They realistically applied force in order to stop invasions of Russian territory, persecution of Russians in Manchuria, and the further demoralization of the Chinese Eastern Railway. One big raid compelled Chang Sueh-liang, the governor of Manchuria, to sue for peace. Hugh Byas, the Tokio correspondent of the New York *Times*, wired his paper on November 28:

> The news from Manchuria confirms the Japanese anticipation that the Russians did not intend an invasion. *The Russians apparently have not occupied any Chinese towns and are back on their own territory.* They have given the Chinese a severe slap, humiliated them by disarming 10,000 troops, and scared Mukden into a settlement, all by a relatively small operation which led to no entanglements (italics mine).

The moment the Red Army marched in, the Chinese and White Russians fled. Their commanders deserted, and the disorganized soldiers looted as they ran. The looting was debited to the Bolsheviks. The extent of the Chinese retreat was made out to be the extent of the Red advance. According to a United Press dispatch of November 26 from Harbin, the Soviet forces actually halted thirty-eight miles from the border and then returned to their base. Note the chronology:

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November 18—The raid started.

November 21—Mukden requested Moscow's terms.

November 22—Moscow's conditions communicated in writing (A. P., Moscow, November 27).

November 26—Mukden accepted conditions (A. P., Moscow, November 27).

On November 27, the Associated Press reported from Moscow that the "Mukden government was officially reported tonight to have capitulated to the demand of the Soviet government." The same dispatch quoted a note from Litvinov to Chang Sueh-liang. "Have received your telegram of November 26," the commissar wrote, "declaring full acceptance of preliminary conditions communicated in writing on November 22 through Tang Yu-chen, diplomatic commissar at Harbin."

Chinese negotiators were now in touch with Melnikov, former Soviet consul at Harbin, and with Simanovsky at Khabarovsk. China had acquiesced, and the statesmen had initiated pourparlers with a view to the restitution to Russia of the Chinese Eastern Railway. But Nanking demurred. To Chiang Kai-shek it was a question of prestige, of holding Mukden's paper allegiance, and perhaps of pleasing Washington. Himself on the edge of ruin, he wished to prolong the impasse in Manchuria. On November 29 the New York *Times* put the whole situation in a nutshell in its front-page headlines: "Nanking and Mukden at Odds on Policy as Hostilities Cease. Manchuria's Yielding Ignored by Chiang, Who Offers Reds New Counter-Proposals. Appeal Seen as Gesture. Tokio Sees China Completely Beaten and Danger Over as Soviet Withdraws." Three things appear: the fighting had ceased; Manchuria had yielded; the danger of war was gone. Even if American embassies and consulates never report important events abroad, the New York *Times* is read in Washington.

On November 25 news advices from Washington stated that Mr. Stimson had discussed the situation with the Japanese ambassador. The secretary's views were communicated to Nippon, where "the Foreign Office disclaimed any intention of taking action at present, either independently or in concert with other nations" (A. P., Tokio, November 27). The same day Hugh Byas wired: "The Japanese still believe that intervention by other Powers could not do any good." On the next day he suggested that "the collapse of Chinese resistance ends the situation which had aroused Secretary Stimson's anxiety." Meanwhile the press was full of reports from Berlin, Moscow, and Tokio regarding the favorable progress of the Soviet-Manchurian negotiations.

November 28 brought further light: Litvinov declared Nanking's counter-proposals superfluous as Mukden had already accepted Soviet terms. An A. P. message from Mukden stated that "*despite denials and counter-denials* (italics mine) peace is near." An A. P. telegram from Tokio quoted the Japanese foreign minister, after a talk with the United States charge d'affaires, as stating that peace impended, and the prospect of an early direct settlement "makes intervention by the world Powers unnecessary and undesirable." Dispatches stated that Soviet airplanes had bombed the little Manchurian town of Buchatu with bombs, cabbages, and soot. This, probably, was a way of applying a bit more pressure as negotiations proceeded. Or perhaps the orders to cease fighting had not reached isolated aviators. No further hostilities have since been reported along the Manchurian border.

Japan resolutely declined to join any move for foreign mediation, on the ground that an anti-war pact could not be invoked when there was no war and when peaceful pourparlers promised immediate success. This represented the attitude of the German government also. On December 2 Mr. Stimson announced his two communications on the subject: one to Moscow and Nanking recalling their Paris pact obligations, the other to the signatories of the pact urging their cooperation for peace. The German government refused on December 2:

> At the present moment [the German rejoinder read] the German government has before it reports to the effect that direct negotiations for the peaceful composition of the conflict have opened. As the German government is not in possession of all the facts which would enable it to judge the momentary status of these negotiations, it would like to reserve its decision as to the time and form of its further steps in the matter.

Mr. Stimson might have had from American officials in the Far East the same information which prompted Germany to reject his proposal. He might have had it from the Germans and probably did. He certainly was told by Mr. Debuchi, the Japanese ambassador, that hostilities had ceased, and that an agreement between Moscow and Mukden was in prospect. The Secretary of State might have learned all this even from newspaper dispatches. At least the fact that Germany and Japan declined to join his move should have given him pause, and if he had waited three days the signed Moscow-Mukden agreement would have made his action superfluous.

On November 28 the Associated Press wired from Paris that in view of reports regarding Mukden's acceptance of Moscow's conditions "the French Government, as one of the signatories of the Kellogg-Briand pact, feels that the situation no longer requires the intervention of the signatories." Mr. Stimson knew this too. France, Germany (which had undertaken to protect the nationals of China and Russia and was therefore very close to the problem), and Japan, the third party best informed on Manchurian affairs, all objected to the invocation of the Paris pact. Then why did Secretary Stimson invoke it? Since he could not have been ignorant of the negotiations, the Bolsheviks concluded that his only purpose in intervening was to interfere with them. This may be an erroneous conclusion, but it will be readily understood how Litvinov might have reached it. Undoubtedly, Moscow also recalled the still secret Stimson aide memoire of July 25, which continues to disturb Russia as well as Japan.

When Secretary Stimson, acting through France, sent his note to the Soviet government regarding the Paris pact, Senator Borah prepared a statement declaring that this step implied recognition of the Soviet government. The Bolsheviks do not concur. They agree with former Secretary of State Kellogg that there can be no recognition without the intention to recognize. They submit that even direct communications between the State Department and the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs would not imply recognition. They, in fact, urge at least the relatively direct method adopted by Charles E. Hughes. But if a go-between must be used, Moscow prefers Germany or Turkey or almost any other friendly Power rather than France, whose relations with Russia are marked by bitter hostility.

Replying to the Stimson note of December 2, Litvinov,

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on December 3, roundly rebuked the Secretary of State for interfering in the negotiations then proceeding in the Far East. This, the commissar stated, "cannot . . . be taken as a friendly act." More important, possibly, was his assertion that "the Paris pact does not give a single state or group of states the function of protector of this pact." Washington thinks otherwise and necessarily resents Litvinov's objections on this matter because they involve the broad question of the future implementing of the Paris accord. Finally, Litvinov expressed "amazement" that the United States, while refusing to recognize the existence of the Soviet government, gives it "advice and counsel." The Litvinov note has been styled tactless. It certainly was not a model of tact. The Bolsheviks have not yet learned to hold their tongue or to put it in their cheek. When moved by righteous indignation they are primitive and explosive. Because of their experience during the period of foreign military intervention, they react most violently to any suggestion of outside interference. And after all there must have been a tremendous temptation to administer a whipping to Mr. Stimson when one of the worst faux pas in recent diplomatic history had exposed him to attack.

In Washington it is said that the Litvinov note has postponed United States de jure recognition of the Soviet government. This is progress. It used to be debts. Then it was propaganda. Now it is Litvinov's English. That must wear off some day. The world will watch to see how long the government holds out against the pressure of a fast growing American trade with Russia.

Contributors to This Issue

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